AUGUST 26, 1957
a Time Inc. weekly publication
25 CENTS
$7.50 A YEAR

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



HORACE SUTTON INVITES YOU TO

THE ADRIATIC

COUNTESS CONSUELO CRESPI AT THE VENICE LIDO



Q: How do you get luxury shirts that wash & wear?
A: Look for Jersey of 100% Acrilan,® styled by McGregor

In and out of class, these shirts will get you plenty of attention. And need practically none! Rich and rugged to behold, they're a snap course in easy care! Bring 'em back to school—but *don't* send them home for cleaning. Pop them into the nearest washing machine at warm-water setting or do them by hand. Thanks to Acrilan acrylic fiber by Chemstrand, they drip dry, require little if any ironing . . . go on looking sharp as ever. Styles? You name 'em . . . convertible collars, button cuffs, insignia shirts, cardigans, vertical Ivy stripes . . . McGregor makes them all—in your size, from $7.95 to $10.95. Study up at your nearest men's store. It's a liberal education in how to be a big man on campus.

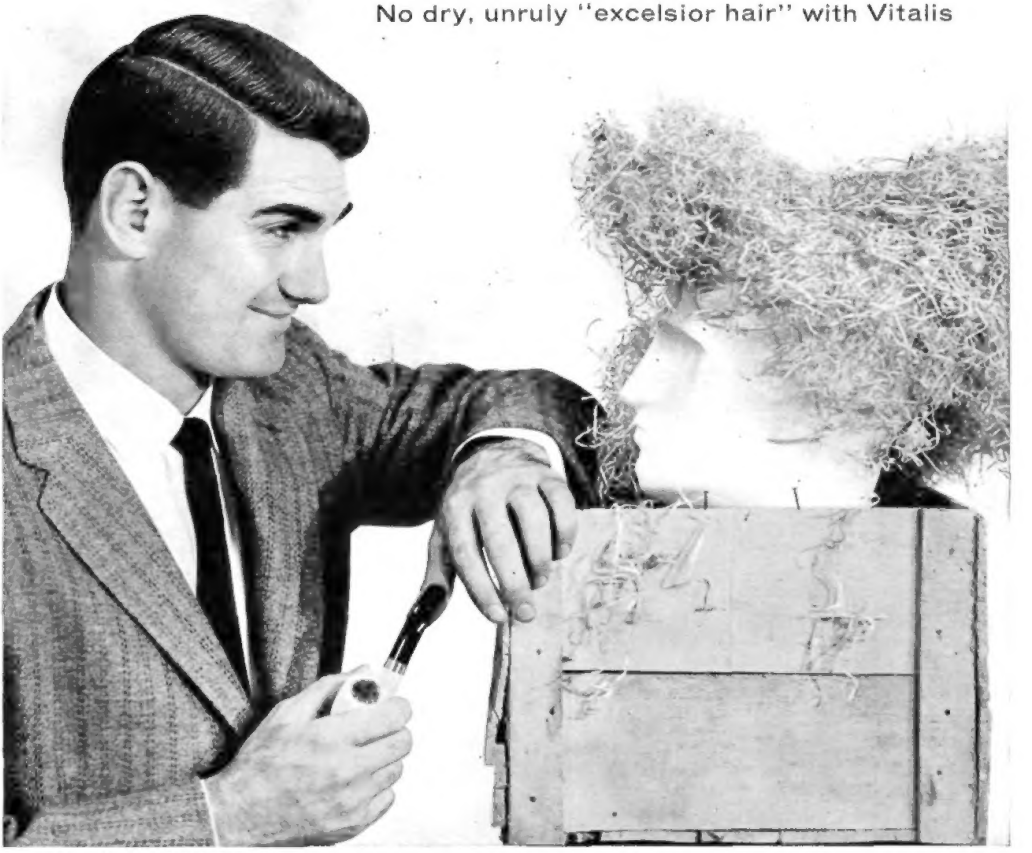
Sports shirts by McGREGOR

ACRILAN®

SEE NINETEENTH HOLE SECTION FOR STORE NEAREST YOU.

THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1 • Plants: ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla.

No dry, unruly "excelsior hair" with Vitalis



New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day... and prevent dryness

Has dried-out, hard-to-manage hair got you in a box? Try new Vitalis, sir. More than four million men make Vitalis a morning ritual, as important as shaving.

Vitalis makes hair manageable and keeps it looking neat all day. And you never have a greasy, slicked-down look because clear, clean Vitalis contains V-7, the greaseless grooming discovery. Along with V-7, Vitalis combines refreshing alcohol and other ingredients to provide a formula that gives real protection against dry hair and scalp. Try new Vitalis with V-7 tomorrow. You'll be happy you did.



SEE THE DIFFERENCE

Does your husband use a greasy tonic that stains pillowcases like this?

Greaseless Vitalis leaves pillowcases clean—like this.



New VITALIS® Hair Tonic with V-7®

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

MEMO
from the publisher



Olympic Star Clotworthy in action at sports festival at the Northland Shopping Center.

BEGINNING this Thursday, Aug. 22, and continuing through Saturday the 24th, the Cross County Center at Yonkers, N.Y. becomes the 71-acre stage for the latest SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sports Festival. Already this year the festival, at Gimbels-Cheltenham in Philadelphia, Old Orchard in Chicago and Northland in Detroit, has brought new attendance records to these outstanding examples of a mushrooming phenomenon in modern merchandising, the regional shopping center.

The Cross County Center, placed strategically at the intersection of two arterial highways, offers remarkable accessibility to the more than 750,000 inhabitants of the heavily populated region it serves. They "can't miss it." What they also can't miss, this week, are the 60-foot banners emblazoned on the strikingly contemporary buildings of its two largest tenants, Gimbels and Wanamakers, announcing to highway traffic the fact of the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED festival.

For the thousands of shopping families who will see it during these three days, the festival is a sports spectacular with more than two dozen of the world's greatest sports stars in two arenas, which seat 2,000 spectators each. Among the performances: Bob Clotworthy diving into a specially constructed pool, with the skill that won a gold medal at the Melbourne Olympics; as counterpoint, clown divers Frank Campisi and Bobby Knapp splashing through their preposterous variations on the classic tucks, twists and pikes; George Mikan and Tom Gola shooting baskets; Archery Champion Ann Marston shooting arrows; Frank Parker and Don Budge playing tennis.

A popular phase of the festival, the clinics, brings the audience right onto the "field" as participants in live demonstrations of, for instance, football by Red Grange and Otto Graham, of baseball by Johnny Mize and Jackie Robinson, of weight lifting by Steve Klisanin, of hurdling, jumping and sprints by Jesse Owens.

In short, at Cross County, as at all the other shopping centers where it has appeared, the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED festival confirms again the happy marriage of the products of modern living with the pleasures of sport.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Henry R. Luce
PRESIDENT Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor Sidney L. James

Assistant Managing Editors Richard W. Johnston, Andre Laguerre, John Tibby

Associate Editors
Jerome Snyder (*Art Direction*), Percy Knauth (*Articles*), Ezra Bowen, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Paul O'Neil, Fred R. Smith, Whitney Tower, Herbert Warren Wind, Norton Wood, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers
Alice Higgins, Mervin Hyman, Thomas H. Lineaweaver, Hamilton B. Maule, Don Parker, Richard C. Phelan, Coles Phinizy, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudeen, Elaine St. Maur, Dorothy Stull, Jeremiah Tax, Roy Terrell, Jo Ahern Zill.

Photography
PICTURE EDITOR: Gerald Astor.
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS: Richard Meek, John G. Zimmerman. ASSISTANTS: Betty Dick, Dorothy Merz, Ben Schultz.

Writer-Reporters
Walter Bingham, Gwilym S. Brown, William Leggett, Morten Lund, Les Woodcock.

Reporters
Honor Fitzpatrick (*Chief*); Mary Snow, Harriet Alexander, Elizabeth Bergamini, Betty Bredin, Mary Jane Hodges, Virginia Kraft, Rose Mary Mechem, Richard Schickel.

Special Contributors
Roger Bannister, John Fitch, Herman Hickman, Jimmy Jemail, Victor Kalman, Bill Mauldin, John O'Reilly, Charles Preston, H. Allen Smith, Horace Sutton, William F. Talbert, Jerome Weidman, Ed Zern.

Assistant to the Managing Editor
Henry J. Romney

Editorial Assistants
Gioia Grieme, Sherry Keen, Eleanore Milosovic, Morton Sharnik.

Administrative Assistant
Maureen Harris

Production
Arthur L. Brawley (*Chief*); Beatrice Gottlieb (*Copy Desk*); George Bloodgood, Betty De Meester, Ingeborg Farrell, Lina Mainiero, Helen Taylor.

Layout
Alfred Zingaro (*Chief*); William Bernstein, Harvey Grut, Brendan F. Mulvey, Martin Nathan, Catherine Smolich.

U.S. & Foreign Bureaus
NEWSDESK: Earl Burton
Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Calgary (Lawrence Laybourne, *Chief of Correspondents*).
London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Istanbul, Beirut, New Delhi, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Mexico City, Guatemala City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires (Manfred Gottfried, *Chief of Correspondents*).

Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. $7.50. Air-speeded editions to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. $10.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr., $10.00. Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising contents to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. and all subscription correspondence to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Changes of address require three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address imprint from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. TIME INC. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman, Maurice T. Moore; President, Roy E. Larsen; Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Black; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Stillman; Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice Presidents, Edgar R. Baker, Bernard Barnes, Clay Buckhout, Arnold W. Carlson, Allen Grover, Andrew Heiskell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linen, Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen Jr.; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *is published weekly by* TIME *Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. Subscription $7.50 a year in U.S.A. and Canada.* Volume 7 Number 9



AUGUST 26, 1957
Volume 7, Number 9

Acknowledgements on page 52

COVER: COUNTESS CONSUELO CRESPI
Photograph by Jerry Cooke

With her identical twin sister, the former Gloria O'Connor, Countess Consuelo Crespi, here pictured on the Venice Lido, was among America's top models 10 years ago. Today she and her Italian sportsman husband swim and sun at the Adriatic beaches described by Horace Sutton on page 38.

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Copyright © 1957 by Time Inc.

THE WEEK THEY WAITED FOR 12
ROBERT CREAMER *is on hand as Milwaukee goes pennant-crazy*

HEIGHT OF TERROR 16
Death and rescue on the forbidden north face of the Eiger

ACCENT ON YOUTH 26
Summertime is show time for hard-working junior riders. IN COLOR

IN SUNSHINE OR IN SHADOW 31
A revealing portrait of St. Louis' Fred Hutchinson by EMMETT WATSON

ONE FOR THE ROLLS 36
LOU FAGEOL *analyzes* Miss Thriftway's *Gold Cup victory*

A SEA OF BEAUTY 38
. . . . *is the Adriatic, toured by* HORACE SUTTON, *photographed by* JERRY COOKE

THE BRITISH CHALLENGE FOR THE WALKER CUP 46
BERNARD DARWIN *and* HERBERT WARREN WIND *introduce the new lineup of invaders*

BONNIE PRUDDEN'S FUN & FITNESS COURSE 53
In the fourth of her series, she presents THE TORSO TWIST

LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL: THE VERDICT 54
Concluding a nationwide survey, KENNETH RUDEEN *sums up the arguments*

MAXIE'S LONG ROUTE 64
An oldster outlasts a youngster in bowling's marathon. By VICTOR KALMAN

THE DEPARTMENTS

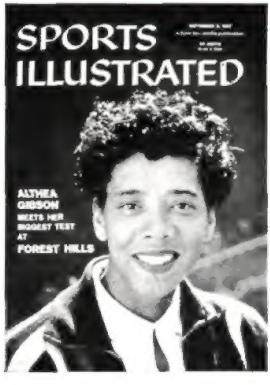
- SCOREBOARD 4
- BASEBALL X-RAY 6
- FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR 9
- COMING EVENTS 10
- EVENTS & DISCOVERIES 18
- WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT 22
- TIP FROM THE TOP 60
- HOTBOX 65
- THE 19TH HOLE 66
- PAT ON THE BACK 68

NEXT WEEK

THE MYSTERIOUS MISS GIBSON

An early sponsor, Sarah Palfrey, offers an intimate glimpse into the new life of a shy champion

PLUS: A TENNIS PREVIEW—AND NEWS OF SOME DISCOVERIES—BY WILLIAM F. TALBERT



Electra



Shapely
SPORT SHIRT

Electra — as selected from our "Silken Look" collection. Vertical woven stripe — with alternating dark and light electrons.

About $5

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

THE MACK SHIRT CORP.
CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Paula Jean (Peejay) **Myers,** shapely 22-year-old from Los Angeles, displayed perfect form in AAU swim championships at Houston, arching gracefully off boards to sweep all three diving titles and become first since retired Pat McCormick to score indoor-outdoor grand slam.



Judy Eller, pretty Old Hickory, Tenn. schoolgirl who has been playing tournament golf for seven of her 16 years, coolly lined up 40-foot putt, plunked it into the cup for a birdie 3 on 20th hole to beat 17-year-old Beth Stone for national girls' championship at Denver.



James H. Van Alen of Newport, R.I., exuberant tennis buff who has been one of leading exponents of open tournament play, is new president of National Tennis Hall of Fame *(see below)*, succeeding William J. Clothier, who retired to assume post as chairman of board.

RECORD BREAKERS

U.S. teen-agers churned up record-breaking swell at Houston, teamed up with Australia's Dawn Fraser and Lorraine Crapp to haul down 11 American marks in AAU championships (Aug. 13-16). Top record breaker was 13-year-old Chris Von Saltza of Santa Clara, who cracked three, winning 220-yard backstroke in 2:40.2 and clocking fastest time by American citizen, while trailing Miss Fraser, who won 110-yard freestyle in 1:03.9, and Miss Crapp, who took 440-yard freestyle in 5:08.5. Chris's records: 1:05.3 for 110 yards, 5:13.3 for 440 yards. Next best was 15-year-old Sylvia Rouska of Berkeley, who thrashed 440-yard individual medley in 5:49.5 and 880-yard freestyle in 10:45.8. Other marks fell to Carin Cone, 17, of Ridgewood, N.J., 110-yard backstroke in 1:13.6; Nancy Ramey, 17, of Seattle, 110-yard butterfly in 1:11.3; Carolyn Murray, 15, of North Hollywood, mile freestyle in 22:13.9; Los Angeles AC's Sharon Kelley, Judy Primrose, Caryn Simonson and Molly Botkin, 440-yard freestyle relay in 4:36.

Japan's Takashi Ishimoto, silver medal winner at Melbourne, virtually flew through water, covered 110-meter butterfly in 1:01.6 for a new world standard at Tokyo (Aug. 17).

Bonneville Salt Flats got annual going over as Americans Phil Hill and David Ash and Briton Tom Wisdom took turns wheeling British Motor Corporation's experimental racing car, Ex-179, to nine world and 62 U.S. speed records in three days of throttle tromping (Aug. 13, 16, 17).

BASEBALL

Milwaukee polished off skidding Cincinnati, pushing winning kick to 10 and lead over St. Louis, helpless in nine-game losing streak, to 8½ games. But Cards suddenly found renewed strength, took three out of four from Braves to chop Milwaukee edge to still safe but not nearly so comfortable 6½ games. Brooklyn continued to rock along, 7½ games out of first place. Oddly enough, week's best ball was played by seventh-place Chicago Cubs, who won six in row, and New York Giants, who took six out of eight. Cincinnati had Manager Birdie Tebbetts tweeting sorrowfully after dropping six straight.

New York Yankees continued to roll toward American League pennant, cooling off Boston and Baltimore, while Chicago, after taking two from Cleveland, had all kinds of trouble in Detroit, slipped 7½ games off pace. Best fight was for fourth place with Tigers, Orioles and Indians slugging it out.

TENNIS

Jack Kramer, bossman of road show pros, turned teacher to find out what ails his most recent (and most expensive) acquisition, started lessons by knocking off Lew Hoad 6-3, 10-8 to help U.S. retain "world" professional title at Vittel, France.

Dick Savitt, semiretired amateur, left his executive desk to sweep through Eastern grass courts at South Orange, N.J., defeating Vic Seixas 6-4, 6-4, 1-6, 8-6 in final, but neither was on hand at Newport, where Australia's Mal Anderson outlasted Britain's Michael Davies 4-6, 6-1, 6-4, 1-6, 6-2 for title.

HORSE RACING

Gallant Man, Ralph Lowe's spunky little candidate for 3-year-old honors, had to get up and go when challenged by lightly regarded Bureaucracy in stretch duel, went far enough under Willie Shoemaker's firm urging *(see below)* to score by half length in 88th running of $44,000 Travers Stakes, nation's oldest stake race, at Saratoga. Explained Shoemaker: "He loafed quite a bit, and I had to shake him up twice in the stretch so he wouldn't dwell on me again."

Willie Hartack, in hot-riding streak (23 winners in week), got 6-to-1 shot Hasty Doll in front of pack when short-priced Poly Hi, winner of six straight stakes and leading 2-year-old filly money winner, proved to be reluctant, kept her there to win $103,325 Princess Pat Stakes at Washington Park.

BOATING

Richard S. Nye, Greenwich, Conn. yachtsman, skillfully skippered his sleek 53-foot yawl *Carina* 605 stormy miles from Cowes to Fastnet Rock to Plymouth in four days 10 hours 32 minutes 24 seconds (corrected time; three days 10 hours 55 minutes 50 seconds) to win Challenge Cup, four other trophies.

BOXING

Pat McMurtry, young eager-beaver heavyweight from Tacoma, Wash., found china spot on washed-up Bobo Olson's much-caressed jaw with whistling right, dropped comebacking ex-middleweight champion (now fighting as heavyweight) for full count in second round before 9,500 at Portland, Ore. Ninth-ranked McMurtry may soon be one to test Floyd Patterson, but best balding and paunchy Olson can hope for is resurgence of business at his Vancouver nightclub.

HARNESS RACING

Trader Horn, inspired by stretch-whipping of crafty Billy Haughton, caught and passed fading Galophone, poured it on to win $25,000 American Trotting Championship before 50,336, biggest harness racing crowd ever, who poured record $2,388,674 into pari-mutuel machines at Roosevelt Raceway.

FOOTBALL

Detroit Lions, called "the worst team I've ever seen in training camp . . . a completely dead team" by suddenly resigned Coach Buddy Parker, put out for hastily appointed Coach George Wilson, beat Cleveland 20-10 in exhibition at Detroit. Other scores: Los Angeles 45, Washington 14; Baltimore 17, Philadelphia 10; Green Bay 24, Chicago Cards 16; Chicago Bears 24, Pittsburgh 7; San Francisco 24, New York 15.

MILEPOSTS

INDUCTED—**Maurice T. McLaughlin,** who came out of California to blast his way to national singles title in 1912, 1913; **R. Norris Williams II,** titleholder in 1914, 1916; **Mrs. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman,** national women's champion in 1909, 1910, 1911, donor of Wightman Cup; **Mary Kay Browne,** three-time titlist in 1912, 1913, 1914; into National Tennis Hall of Fame, at Newport, R.I.

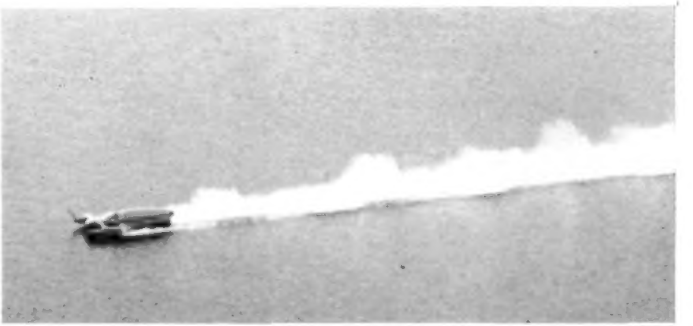
DIED—**Albert** (Chalky) **Wright,** 45, fun-loving, short-term featherweight champion (1941-1942) who mixed wine, women and gambling with his fighting; of accidental drowning, in bathtub, at Los Angeles.

continued

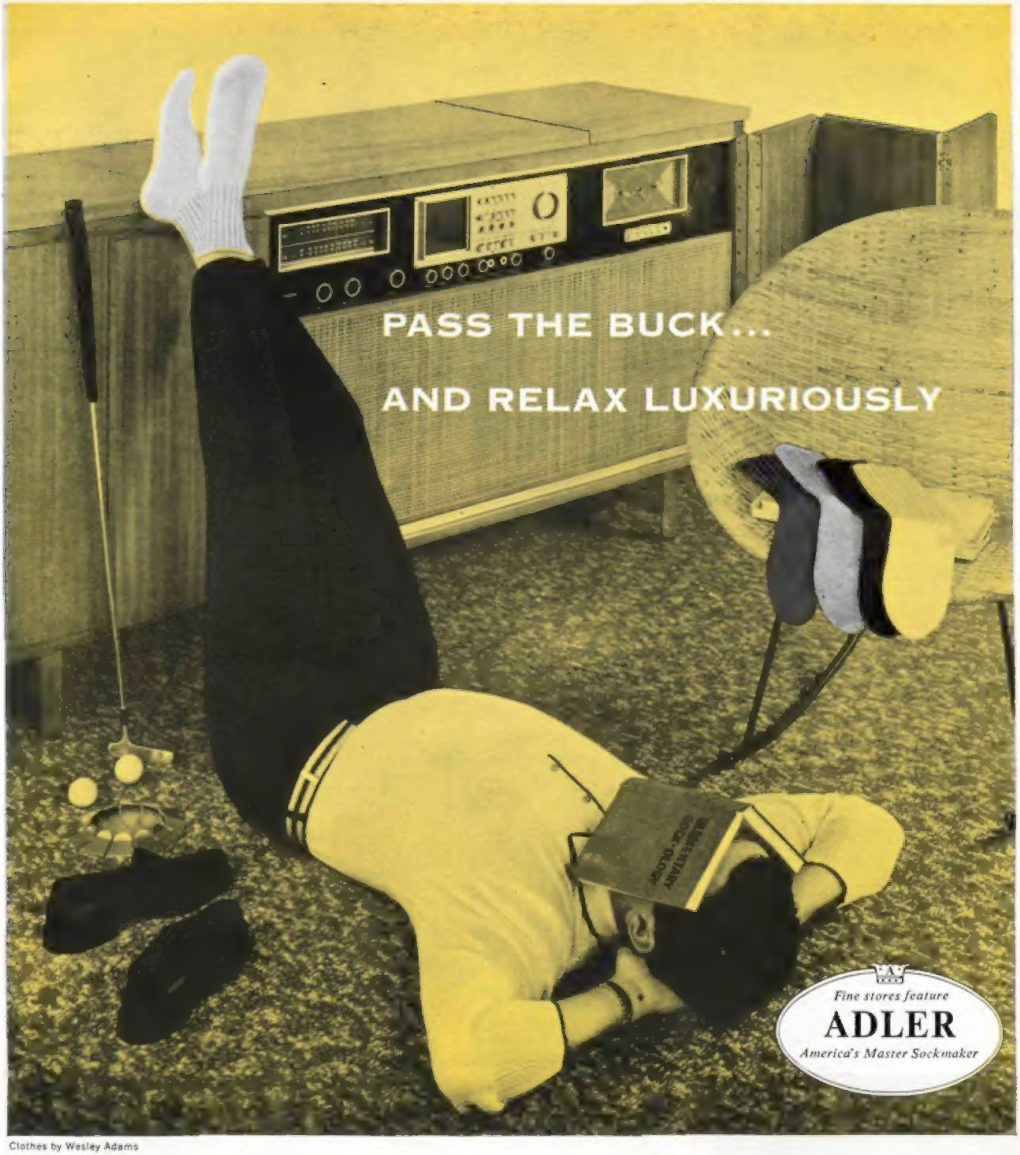
focus on the deed . . .



GALLOPING Gallant Man *(right)* pulls away from Bureaucracy after giving odds-on bettors an anxious time in the Travers.



THUNDERING over New York's Canandaigua Lake at a better than 200-mile-per-hour clip, daring Donald Campbell's jet-powered *Bluebird* whooshes up a trailing spray in fifth unsuccessful attempt to break own world water-speed record *(see page 18)*.



Clothes by Wesley Adams

SIZE GUARANTEED
*SHRINK-CONTROLLED

ADLER SC* SOCKS $1 THE PAIR

A rhapsody of comfort, with jig-time washing...that's your double dividend with Adler SC* socks. Wash them any way you like (no special skill or kind-to-wool soap necessary), size remains the same or your buck cheerfully refunded. Wondrously soft...90% virgin lambs wool, strengthened throughout with 10% sturdy nylon and extra nylon reinforcement above the heel—where "loafers" rub most. Sizes 9 through 13 ...with Olympic White in half sizes too. THE ADLER STRETCH SOCK. Now, stretch sock comfort and superlative fit in a handsome wool casual...and by America's Master Sockmaker! Preferred crew length, 65% selected lambs wool, 35% strong stretch nylon. One size fits 10 to 14. $1. The Adler Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Choice of Olympic Champions

WHITE • YELLOW • MAROON • RED • NAVY • GREEN • CAMEL • FLANNEL GREY • OXFORD GREY • BLACK • BROWN

SCOREBOARD

continued



Marine Lieutenant William W. McMillan more than made up nine-point deficit in last of 12-match run for national pistol title at Camp Perry, Ohio, outfiring Army Master Sergeant Huelet Benner to win 2,612 to 2,610. Women's champion: Mrs. Gertrude Backstrom.

FOR THE RECORD

ARCHERY
JAY PEAKE, Charleroi, Pa., men's instinctive title, Natl. Field Archery tournament, Watkins Glen, N.Y. Women's champion: Merle Wimer, Marlinton, W. Va.

AUTO RACING
STIRLING MOSS, Britain, 286-m. Grand Prix of Pescari, in Vanwall, in 2:59:22.7, with 96.24 mph average, Pescari, Italy.
TERRY TOWNSEND, Anderson, Ind., All-American Soap Box Derby, Akron.

BICYCLING
JACK DISNEY, Pasadena, natl. men's amateur title, with 21 pts., Kenosha, Wis. Women's champion: Nancy Neiman, Detroit.

BOATING
BILL COX SR., Noroton (Conn.) YC, Hipkins Trophy series, with 64 pts., Centre Island, N.Y.
E. W. (Skip) ETCHELLS, Old Greenwich, Conn., in "Shannon," Atlantic Coast Star Class series title, with 99 pts., Winthrop, Mass.

BOXING
CHARLIE NORKUS, 4-round KO over Crow Peele, heavyweights, New Orleans.
PAOLI ROSI, 10-round split decision over Baby Vasquez, lightweights, Louisville.

CHESS
WILLIAM LOMBARDY, New York, world jr. chess title, with 11-0 score, Toronto.

GOLF
KEN VENTURI, San Francisco, St. Paul Open, with 266 for 72 holes.
FRED WOOD, Vancouver, over Gene Sarazen, in playoff, Natl. Srs. Open title, Spokane.
RANDY WOMACK, Clovis, N. Mex., Natl. Amputee Golf Assn. title, with 155 for 36 holes, Toledo.

HORSE RACING
HOOP BAND: $57,450 Arch Ward Memorial H., 1 3/16 m., by 4½ lengths, in 1:54 3/5, Washington Pk. Johnny Heckmann up.
SALLY LEE: $40,000 Debutante St., 6 f., by three lengths, in 1:10 2/5, Del Mar. Peter Moreno up.
ALHAMBRA: $21,750 Prairie State St., 6 f., by nose, in 1:10 3/5, Washington Pk. Eddie Arcaro up.

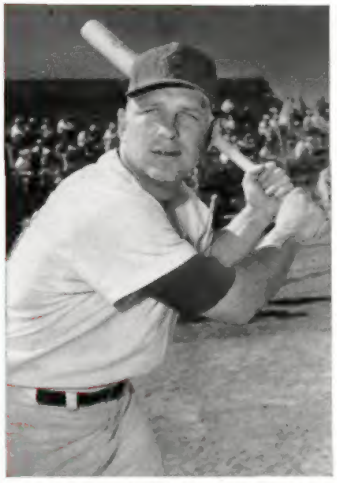
TENNIS
ALTHEA GIBSON, New York, over Louise Brough, 9-7, 6-4, Essex invitation, Manchester, Mass.

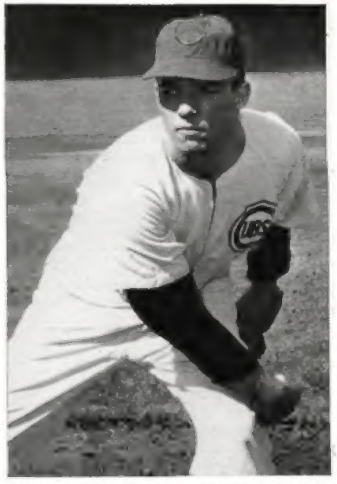
SWIMMING
GEORGE BREEN, Buffalo, Natl. AAU men's 4-mile title, in record 1:32:05, Huntington, Ind.



TONGUE-CARESSING Bobby Fischer, 14, of Brooklyn, ponders move on way to winning U.S. Open chess title at Cleveland.

baseball X-RAY





REVIVED CUBS had best record in the major leagues last week as, almost unnoticed, the team put on late-season surge to avoid cellar. The team leaders in hitting and pitching are Dodger castoff Walt Moryn (*left*) and rookie fast-baller Dick Drott (*right*). Moryn is eighth among NL hitters, while Drott ranks second in league strikeout totals.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (8/11 to 8/17)			Season	Homers Week
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
New York	4-2	.667	75-40	6
Detroit	5-3	.625	57-58	9
Kansas City	5-3	.625	44-72	14
Baltimore	3-2	.600	56-57	6
Chicago	3-4	.429	68-46	10
Boston	3-4	.429	61-54	5
Washington	2-4	.333	44-72	3
Cleveland	2-5	.286	55-61	5
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Chicago	5-0	1.000	44-69	7
Milwaukee	5-1	.833	72-43	10
Pittsburgh	5-1	.833	42-72	6
New York	5-3	.625	54-64	3
Brooklyn	2-5	.286	64-52	6
Philadelphia	2-5	.286	60-55	0
St. Louis	1-5	.167	63-51	2
Cincinnati	0-5	.000	61-54	6

TEAM LEADERS

Batting Week		Batting Season		Homers Season		Pitching Season	
Mantle	.455	Mantle	.384	Mantle	32	3 tied with	10-3
Kuenn	.375	Kaline	.291	Maxwell	20	Bunning	14-5
Power	.423	Smith	.289	Zernial	20	Morgan	9-6
Nieman	.400	Boyd	.318	Triandos	12	Loes	11-8
Torgeson	.435	Fox	.317	Rivera	13	Pierce	16-8
Williams	.500	Williams	.393	Williams	31	Brewer	14-9
Plews	.474	Sievers	.302	Sievers	30	Ramos	9-11
Avila	.321	Woodling	.316	Colavito	21	Wynn	13-14
Tanner	.412	Moryn	.312	Banks	26	Drott	11-9
Hazle	.450	Aaron	.331	Aaron	34	Buhl	16-6
Mazeroski	.478	Groat	.3323	Thomas	17	Purkey	10-10
Harris	.389	Mays	.327	Mays	26	Gomez	13-10
Hodges	.407	Hodges	.305	Snider	29	Podres	10-5
Harmon	.412	Bouchee	.285	Lopata	15	Sanford	16-4
Musial	.348	Musial	.3318	Musial	25	Jackson	12-6
Hoak	.350	Robinson	.330	Crowe	28	Lawrence	11-10

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to August 17)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (AL)	Williams, Bos .393	Runnels, Wash .220
Batting (NL)	Groat, Pitt .3323	Morgan, Chi .201
Home run hitters (AL)	Mantle, NY 32 (1 per 12 AB)	Aparicio, Chi 0 (448 AB)
Home run hitters (NL)	Aaron, Mil 34 (1 per 13½ AB)	Ashburn, Phil 0 (464 AB)
Pitching (AL)	Pierce, Chi 16-8	Lary, Det 5-15
Pitching (NL)	Sanford, Phil 16-4	Kline, Pitt 4-15
ERA (AL)	Turley, NY 2.16	Stobbs, Wash 6.10
ERA (NL)	Podres, Bkn 2.45	Klippstein, Cin 5.37
Complete games (AL)	Brewer, Bos 13 (in 29 starts)	Abernathy, Wash 2 Kellner, KC 2 (in 16 starts)
Complete games (NL)	Gomez, NY 14 (in 29 starts)	Klippstein, Cin 1 (in 16 starts)
Team HR (AL)	Kansas City 133	Baltimore 69
Team HR (NL)	Cincinnati 145 Milwaukee 145	Pittsburgh 71
Team runs (AL)	New York 550	Kansas City 441
Team runs (NL)	Milwaukee 577	Pittsburgh 447
Team hits (AL)	New York 1063	Cleveland 962
Team hits (NL)	St. Louis 1117	Philadelphia 947

RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
Mantle, NY (.384)	103	53	156
Minoso, Chi (.314)	73	66	139
Sievers, Wash (.302)	80	52	132
Williams, Bos (.393)	79	41	120
Wertz, Clev (.295)	62	58	120
Jensen, Bos (.276)	61	59	120
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Aaron, Mil (.331)	91	61	152
Musial, St L (.3318)	69	64	133
Mays, NY (.327)	84	48	132
Mathews, Mil (.286)	81	42	123
Blasingame, St L (.276)	82	40	122

THE ROOKIES

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Batting	Kubek, NY .307	Bouchee, Phil .285
Home runs	Held, KC 14	Bouchee, Phil 14
RBIs	Maris, Clev 41	Bouchee, Phil 61
Pitching	Hyde, Wash 3-3	Sanford, Phil 16-4



Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Economic Development Admin., 579 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

"Everyone knows we've been to Puerto Rico when we uncork the rum,"

say the Terrell Van Ingens of New Canaan, Conn.

"I always have liked rum," says Terry Van Ingen, "but we developed a new *enthusiasm* for it on our trip to Puerto Rico.

"Puerto Rican rum really tastes different. So *dry* and *clean*. Like Caribbean sunshine, Zella says. Makes a darn good *sour*—a *rum* sour.

"Now all our cohorts in Fairfield County are jumping on the band wagon—with daiquiris, rum-on-the-rocks, rum-and-tonic. Rum is all the rage.

"Incidentally, Puerto Rico surprised us as much as the rum. Wonderful climate there. Grand place for a vacation."

◀ Mr. and Mrs. Terrell Van Ingen aboard the Puchi II in San Juan harbor. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.



▶ "Rum sours taste just as good in Connecticut as they do in the sunny Caribbean," say Terry and Zella Van Ingen.



When your cue is coordination, choose Towne and King and don't get behind the sweater 8-ball! Matching pullovers—sweater shirts—knitted accessories. T&K originations in Santa Clara Cherry: (1) Kiama-Cape imported lambs' wool pullover; 12.95. (2) Townella Sweater Shirt; 10.95. (3) Townella Cardigan Sweater Shirt; 12.95. (4) Kiama-Cape Sox; 1.95. (5) "Hot Tam"; 3.50. (6) Kiama-Cape Sleeveless Cardigan; 10.95. For coordinated knitwear, in California born-and-bred colors, men say: "I won't wear a thing but Towne and King!"

TOWNE AND KING, LTD.

Coordinated Knitwear P.O. Box 432, Redwood City, California

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO *scattered spots*	**SH** *slightly high*	**R** *rising*	**FP** *fishing poor*
SC *scattered clouds*	**H** *high*	**WT50** *water 50°*	**OG** *outlook good*
C *clear water*	**VH** *very high*	**FG** *fishing good*	**OVG** *outlook very good*
D *water dirty, roily*	**M** *water muddy*	**FVG** *fishing very good*	**OF** *outlook fair*
N *water normal height*	**L** *low*	**FF** *fishing fair*	**OP** *outlook poor*

TUNA: RHODE ISLAND. The Ltd. U. S. Atlantic Tuna Tournament at Point Judith ended last week and the Matlacoot Bay Sportsmen's Club of Port Washington, L.I. was in first place with two giants totaling 956 pounds. South Inlet Anglers Club of N.J. with two fish weighing 926 pulled a close second. Over 500 anglers in 110 boats caught seven bluefins between Narragansett and Block Island in the Rhode Island. Roy Dackerman, of Hyde Park, Rye, N.Y. and Inlet anglers took four bluefins on the same day. Ray won the outstanding achievement trophy for fighting his 336-pounder for one hour 20 minutes using a heavy spin. New Jersey State Senator W. Steelman Mathis mastered a 597-pounder in 50 minutes to pull in further honors for his state.

NOVA SCOTIA: Students at the 2nd Annual Intercollegiate Game Fish Seminar and Tuna Match at Wedgeport early August learn a lesson that books alone do not teach. Three freshmen teams representing Yale, St. Pedros, Xavier of Nova Scotia and Dartmouth universities. Dartmouth was entered but did not participate, studying game fish and their identification at home about the world, but had no specimen to study first-hand after three days of fishing. The spring season's champion, Ed Migdal and Yale's Brigham Oceanographic Laboratory, held out hope for tuna anglers later in the season. I saw more bluefin Sunday-Report morning than I had seen in the last five years at the International Match. But to fish the at attendance of 100 boats stirred the giants to anything but play in the days since last week.

MARLIN: HAWAII. Kona agent reports seven blue marlin taken off Kona coast last week totaling 1,732 pounds. Largest was a 340-pounder released. Come from 10 entries by W. Lyle Boyde of Lake Wales, Fla.

BAHAMAS: Stanley Shields of Guelph, Ontario, created a sensation at Harbour Island, a tiny resort 70 miles northeast of Nassau, when he reeled in a 285-pound blue marlin from their lightly fished waters. **OG.**

TROUT: WASHINGTON. **FG. OG** for native and steelhead cutthroat on Naches, Wenatchee and Hoh rivers. Tomyhoi Lake producing fine brook trout, and chum lakes out of Heather Meadows report success with Wright Mader fly in early morning for cutthroats and brookies. **OVG.**

OREGON. **FG. OVG** for Wickiup Reservoir algae clearing as water level drops. Bait fishermen at Crescent Lake and fly fishermen taking limits of trout 2 to 8 pounds, average 4 pounds. Large hopper flies on Backnose Dace streamer best in early morning or late evening in shallows.

MONTANA. **FVG** and hopes to improve through August. Madison low making strong comebacks after hot weather slump. Big Hole excellent in some parts. Dry flies, hopper patterns near Wisdom. **FVG.** also on Rock Creek and Blackfoot on Missoula area, streams throughout the Lewis and Clark Divide, even on the Helena National Forest. Muddler, Matuka, Joe's Hopper, Yellow and Light Cahill.

STEELHEAD: WASHINGTON. The fall opening for the most exciting sport in the state's short season on record is now being enjoyed on Klickitat River, where veteran anglers are taking limits. **OVG.**

STRIPED BASS: NEW JERSEY. **FVG** for August for new record figures off the rocks points from Ocean Grove north through Long Branch. Charles Smarros of Railway reported his best week from an Ocean Grove jetty, with seven fish in one day, the biggest a 46-pounder taken on a rigged eel.

RHODE ISLAND. **FVG.** off Point Judith where one party of four took 14 stripers in the 50-pound class in 11¼ hours last week. **OVG.**

BLUEFISH: NEW YORK. **FVG** for blues in Long Island's Shinnecock Inlet with a Gimmick lure. **OG** for trollers using as skein on bait stays in mist. Surf casters using cut eels, pigs also taking blues 5 to 10 pounds from west side of inlet accessible from Dune Road.

FLORIDA. With cessation of rains in northwest state, bass are returning to shallow grassy flats in St. Marks to Carrabelle areas. **FG** on eel bait.

PACIFIC SALMON: CALIFORNIA: Salmon doldrums prevail from Golden Gate but anglers scoring in northern counties. Humboldt Bay produced several large chinooks last week. **FF** on Sacramento at Redding with Gravel Flats baffle best reported. Catching for some top to 20 pound class on red and white spoons.

WASHINGTON. Spectacular success fishing continues unabated off southern coast, in straits waters and Puget Sound. Angler success is great (best estimate 75%; all anglers taking home limits from one favored area. Coast fishing outlook at Neah and Neah Bay rousing sportsmen's fish after 9 a.m., and six special trophy beauties have been dispatched by patrol boat taken Neah Bay Road. Since fishermen begrudge time to cut herring fillets, are finding that salmon take chunks cut. If any old way. Agent advises next two weeks best bet for best of season, with bumper run going well into September. **OVG.**

FROM THE FLYWAYS

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service sneak-previewed the forthcoming waterfowl season last week, but promised expectant hunters few changes over last years. Outside shooting dates remain October 1 to January 15, with specific seasons based on number of days allotted each flyway, to be determined by individual states. Each state may now elect consecutive or split seasons. Shooting times remain at half hour before sunrise to sunset with some local exceptions still to be decided. The general waterfowl picture for 1957-58 shapes up as follows:

ATLANTIC FLYWAY: 70 consecutive days or 63 split. Limits: ducks, daily 4, possession 8; geese, daily 2, possession 4.

MISSISSIPPI FLYWAY: 70 consecutive days or 63 split. Limits: ducks daily 4, possession 8; geese, daily and possession 2.

CENTRAL FLYWAY: 75 consecutive or 68 split. Limits: ducks daily 5, possession 10; geese, daily and possession 6.

PACIFIC FLYWAY: 95 consecutive or 86 split. Limits: ducks, daily 5, possession 10; geese, daily and possession 6.

Waterfowling for waterfowlers, specific state regulations, still in the making, may alter shooting situation in some areas.

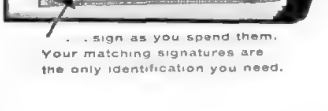
Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose

For business or pleasure trips, long weekends or extended vacations, insist on . . .

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

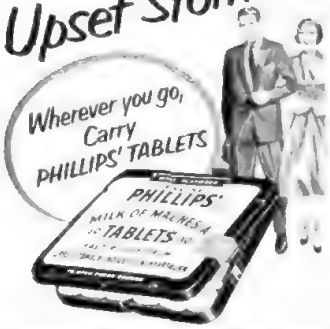
- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—keep unused cheques for emergencies.
- Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charges—only 1%.

Sign when you buy them . . .



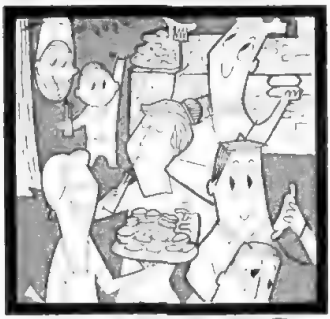
. . . sign as you spend them.
Your matching signatures are the only identification you need.

"ON THE SPOT"
Relief from Upset Stomach



Wherever you go upset stomach gas, heartburn or other symptoms of acid indigestion can cause distress. So for on the spot relief carry delightfully flavored Phillips' Tablets with you. Phillips' Tablets will make you feel better almost instantly – because they contain one of the world's fastest antacids. Handy pocket tins of 75 or 200.

PHILLIPS' TABLETS



GUESTS need "6-12" Insect Repellent

Pleasant protection against mosquitoes, chiggers, gnats, sand flies, black flies ... and it's odorless. Three types to choose from. Get some today!

- in the handy stick, 59¢
- streamlined bottle, 59¢
- easy-to-use aerosol spray, $1.39



COMING EVENTS

AUG. 23–SEPT. 1

■ *TV* ★ *COLOR TV* ● *NETWORK RADIO*
All times E.D.T. except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23

Auto Racing
NASCAR Convertible Division Race Charlotte N C
NASCAR Short Track Division Race Manassas Va

Boxing
● Isaac Logan vs Walter Byars welterweights 10 rds, Detroit 10 p m (NBC)

Rodeo
Colorado State Fair $9 000 Pueblo Colo (through Aug 25)

Swimming
Rehoboth Ocean Swim Races Rehoboth Del (through Aug 24)

Water Skiing
American Water Ski Association National Championships San Diego (through Aug 25)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24

Auto Racing
NASCAR Final Championship Amateur Sportsman & Hobby Race Winston Salem N C
NASCAR Grand National Division Race Myrtle Beach S C
USAC ARDC Midget Auto Championship Freeport N Y

Baseball
■ Brooklyn Dodgers vs Milwaukee Braves, Brooklyn 1 55 p m (CBS-TV Mutual Radio)
■ Pittsburgh Pirates vs Cincinnati Redlegs, Pittsburgh, 1 25 p m (NBC)

Boating
Mennen Outboard Grand National Lake Quinsigamond Mass

Horse Racing
■ Saratoga Handicap $50 000 3-yr-olds & up 1¼ m, Saratoga Springs N Y 5 p m (CBS)
■ Ventnor Handicap $25 000 3 yr olds 1 m Atlantic City N J 5 40 p m (NBC)
■ Washington Park Futurity $25 000 2 yr olds 6 f Washington Park III 6 15 p m (NBC)
Bing Crosby Handicap $15 000 3-yr-olds & up 6 f Del Mar Calif

SUNDAY, AUGUST 25

Auto Racing
USAC 200-mile Championship Race Milwaukee

Baseball
● Brooklyn Dodgers vs St Louis Cardinals, Brooklyn, 2 p m (Mutual)

Boating
North American Star Class Sailing Championships San Diego (through Aug 30)

MONDAY, AUGUST 26

Baseball
● New York Giants vs Cincinnati Redlegs New York 1 25 p m (Mutual)
(Amateur)
P-O-N-Y League World Series, Washington Pa (through Aug 30)

Boating
Adams Cup Women's National Sailing Championships Houston (through Aug 30)
Sears Cup finals North American Junior Sailing Championships New Orleans (through Aug 30)

Boxing
● Gene (Ace) Armstrong vs Rudy Sawyer middleweights 10 rds St Nick's New York 10 30 p m (DuMont)
Joey Giambra vs Rory Calhoun middleweights 10 rds, San Francisco

Horse Racing
The Kentucky $ 2-yr-old fillies 6 f Saratoga Springs N Y
Clang Handicap $20 000 3-yr-olds & up 6 f Washington Park III
(Trotters)
Breeders Futurity $ Du Quoin Ill

Tennis
USLTA Clay Philadelphia (through Aug 31)

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27

Boating
National Junior Class Midget Ocean Championships Wildwood N J (through Aug 31)
Raven National Sailing Championships, Lake St Clair, Mich (through Aug 30)

Horse Racing
(Trotters)
The Hambletonian $104 000 Du Quoin Ill
Castleton Farms Stakes $30 000 Du Quoin Ill

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28

Baseball
● New York Giants vs Milwaukee Braves New York 1 25 p m (Mutual)

Boxing
● Isidro Martinez vs Harold Gomes featherweights 10 rds Boston 10 p m (ABC)

Horse Racing
The Alabama, $25 000 3-yr-old fillies 1¼ m Saratoga Springs N Y
Mademoiselle Stakes $15 000 2-yr-old fillies 6 f Washington Park III
(Trotters)
McMahon Memorial Stakes $30 000 Du Quoin Ill
The Ohio State, $11 000 Columbus Ohio

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29

Baseball
● Chicago White Sox vs New York Yankees, Chicago 2 25 p m (Mutual)

Golf
Cheyenne Golf Tournament $7 500 Cheyenne Wyo (through Sept 1)

Horse Racing
(Trotters)
The Transamerica $10 000 Cicero Ill
Governor's Cup $11 000 Columbus Ohio
Buckeye State $11 000 Columbus Ohio

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30

Baseball
● Chicago Cubs vs St Louis Cardinals Chicago 2 25 p m (Mutual)

Boating
Windjammer Sailing Race Santa Cruz San Francisco Santa Cruz Calif (through Aug 31)
Sailing Race Stamford Conn Martha's Vineyard Mass (through Sept 2)

Boxing
● Ralph Dupas vs Johnny Busso lightweights, 10 rds, Miami 10 p m (NBC)

Football
Prep All America, Memphis

Golf
Orange City Open $20 000 Wethersfield Conn (through Sept 2)
Walker Cup Matches Great Britain vs U S Minneapolis (through Aug 31)

Handball
National Senior Handball Championships, Detroit (through Sept 1)

Horse Racing
Merchants & Citizens Handicap, $25 000 3-yr-olds & up 1¼ m Saratoga Springs N Y
(Trotters)
Rochester Trot $20 000 Batavia N Y

Tennis
USLTA National Singles Championship, Forest Hills, N Y (through Sept 8)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31

Auto Racing
NASCAR National Midget Auto Racing Championship $5 000 Islip N Y
NASCAR Short Track Division Race Los Angeles
SCCA Arcata Road Races Arcata Calif (through Sept 1)
SCCA Red River Region Race Mansfield La (through Sept 1)

Baseball
■ Chicago Cubs vs St Louis Cardinals Chicago 2 25 p m
● (NBC-TV Mutual Radio)
■ Brooklyn Dodgers vs New York Giants, Brooklyn, 1 45 p m (CBS)

Boating
Silver Cup unlimited hydros Detroit
Marsden Trophy Michigan canoe marathon Lake Huron Mich (through Sept 1)
North American 6-meter Sailing Championships, Rochester N Y

Football
(Professional exhibition)
Detroit Lions vs Washington Redskins Birmingham Ala
Los Angeles Rams vs Chicago Cardinals Portland Ore

Horse Racing
American Derby $ 3-yr-olds 1⅛ m (turf course) Washington Park III
● The Hopeful $ 2-yr-old colts & fillies Saratoga Springs N Y 5 p m (CBS)
Del Mar Derby $25 000, 3 yr olds 1⅛ m, Del Mar, Calif

Shooting
National High Power Championships Camp Perry Ohio (through Sept 10)

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

Baseball
● Cincinnati Redlegs vs Milwaukee Braves Cincinnati (CBS)

Horseshoe Pitching
National Horseshoe Pitching Championships Salisbury Md (through Sept 2)

Speedboating



extra point: ORLON

REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

PHOENIX CLOTHES brings you the extra point—"Orlon"*. Its contribution: extra luxury, extra neatness, extra *value*. This muted, striped flannel is a fine blend of 30% "Orlon" acrylic fiber and 70% wool. About $55, at fine stores across the country. This fall look for suits and slacks offering the extra point: "Orlon".

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

* "Orlon" is the DuPont registered trademark for its acrylic fiber

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
AUGUST 26, 1957

THE WEEK THEY



AS 39,694 COUNTY STADIUM FANS SCREAM IN DELIGHT, HANK AARON TROTS OFF THE FIELD AFTER HITTING GAME-WINNING TWO-RUN

WAITED FOR

Some 130,338 Milwaukeeans came out to see the Braves cinch the pennant last weekend, but they ran into some truculent visitors from St. Louis

by ROBERT CREAMER



DOUBLE AGAINST ST. LOUIS

EVERYBODY in Milwaukee knew it was going to happen.

"I knew it was going to happen," said a leathery-faced man in a floppy Panama hat. "I knew it."

The Braves had lost a Sunday double-header to the St. Louis Cardinals, blown it sky-high after running up a 6-1 lead in the first game. The Cardinals, rising steadily out of a hitting slump that had been crippling them, peppered the Braves with runs, one in the seventh, two in the eighth, two in the ninth and two in the 10th on Stan Musial's home run to win 8-6.

Then the Cardinals' colorful Vinegar Bend Mizell hung a 6-0 shutout around Milwaukee's neck in the second game, and the last of the 130,000 Wisconsinites who had come to see the Braves put the *coup de grace* on the National League pennant race trudged home, shaking their heads and muttering that they knew all along the Braves would lose two.

It was terribly disappointing for Milwaukee, because this was to have been the joyous climax of a week they had been waiting for for five years. The Braves had torn the five-team pennant fight wide apart with a 10-game winning streak, had opened up an 8½-game lead over second-place St. Louis with barely 40 games left, and had come home in triumph.

Except that nobody in Milwaukee quite believed it, aside from Lou Perini. When Perini, brash Bostonian that he is, spoke out confidently on the Friday before the series with the Cardinals and said flatly, "We're in. We just can't flub it again," Milwaukeeans ran around wildly, looking for wood to knock on. Red-faced Fred Haney, the manager of the Braves, turned pale, sprinkled ground tiger bone in a circle, chanted an incantation and muttered desperately, "We're playing them one game at a time. I don't know anything about any pennant."

Perini owns the Braves. If anyone should be biting his nails in suppressed anticipation, it should be he. But apparently Lou earned his millions in the contracting business by

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

RED SCHOENDIENST, BRAVES' STAR INFIELDER, IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN



THE BRAVES

continued

being a realist. Even after the double defeat on Sunday, Perini maintained his optimistic view. After all, Milwaukee was still $6\frac{1}{2}$ games in front, and now there were only 37 games to play.

Certainly, it is possible for them to lose. But it is highly unlikely that they will, and Perini knows it. To all intents and purposes, the Braves have won the pennant.

A reader in Milwaukee has just reached out and tapped the wooden arm of his chair. He is unused to such bold statements in print about his Braves' pennant chances. Milwaukee sportswriters are more considerate. Even Oliver Kuechle, the able sports editor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, in a column pointing out the Braves' commanding position, had the decency to refer to the pennant as the "you know what."

Milwaukee is running scared, in other words, and if you debate the logic of this with its citizens, they tell you about 1954, when a great late-season rush by the Braves roused expectations of a pennant, expectations that were rudely drowned in a hurricane at Ebbets Field. (The Braves lost a rain-soaked, abbreviated, $1\frac{1}{2}$-inning game by one run and thereafter were never a factor.) They tell you about 1955, when the preseason polls picked the Braves for the pennant; but the Dodgers won 22 of their first 24 while the Braves floundered and Milwaukee cried. They tell you, bitterly, about last year, when Milwaukee opened a $5\frac{1}{2}$-game lead in midseason and still held first place in the last week, only to lose the pennant on the very last day.

Please, Milwaukee says, remembering the balloons that have burst, let's just wait a little while and see. Well, let's wait a while and see. Meanwhile, here is how the Braves got this far.

FORESIGHT AND LUCK

First of all, they had the foresight over the years to sign and develop a whole parcel of fine young ballplayers, beginning several centuries ago with Warren Spahn (who is now a fine old ballplayer) and including the incomparable Henry Aaron. They had the gumption to make deals with other clubs that brought them such worthies as Lew Burdette, Joe Adcock and a skinny redheaded second baseman named Albert Schoendienst.

And then they had luck, which, as Branch Rickey's oft-quoted maxim has it, is the residue of design. Injuries felled regulars like Bill Bruton and Adcock, and the Braves had to scrounge around for replacements. They found Outfielder Andy Pafko rusting in their dugout, Slugger Bob Hazle ripening on their Wichita farm and First Baseman Frank Torre still hiding in Adcock's shadow. Pafko's fiery spirit, Hazle's incredible hitting (a .586 average is clearly impossible, but that's what Hazle batted during the 10-game winning streak), and Torre's highly useful play showed the Braves that they had a bench, and a good one, though they had to find it the hard way.

The soundness of the bench demonstrated that Milwaukee was the best-balanced team in the league. Without too much effort, the Braves managed to stay with the milling pack in the National League race, occasionally holding the lead, occasionally falling back a little, but never doing anything terribly bad or dramatically good. Then, one day in early August, at a time when they stood in second place, just one game behind the St. Louis Cardinals, they decided to go on a 10-game winning streak at the precise time when all four of their close rivals for first place decided to go on losing binges.

It was staggering. On the morning of August 4, the Braves were a game behind St. Louis, a game and a half ahead of Brooklyn, $3\frac{1}{2}$ ahead of Cincinnati, only five ahead of fifth-place Philadelphia. Twelve days later the Braves were $8\frac{1}{2}$ games ahead of St. Louis and Brooklyn, 10 ahead of Cincinnati and $11\frac{1}{2}$ ahead of Philadelphia. In that time, as the Braves won 10 straight, the Cardinals lost 10 of 11 (including nine in a row), the Dodgers 8 of 12, the Reds 7 of 11, the Phillies 6 of 9. Never had rivals cooperated more splendidly. The Braves were far in front and going away.

With the Cardinals (*see page 30*), it was their hitting—up until now the mainspring of this year's amazing resurgence—that all of a sudden gave way and dragged the team out of contention. Everyone—except, of course, Stan Musial—went into the slump together, and there was simply

HIGHLIGHT

The Yankees went to Boston for a three-game series last week and, long before the first pitch, there was standing room only at Fenway Park. The magic that drew overflow crowds (101,858 in three days or 99% of capacity) was a 38-year-old gaffer named Ted Williams and young Mickey Mantle, 13 years his junior. Williams had stirred Boston fans out of their annual baseball blues by disregarding his age and the midsummer heat. In the five-week period since the All-Star Game, Mantle had batted an impressive .400 to raise his then league-leading .369 ten points higher. But Williams hit an incredible .500, catapulting his average 44 points to a breathtaking .387.

The first game was all Mantle's, despite a round of boos every time he came to the plate. He singled twice, walked and hit a home run to knock in all of the Yankee runs. Williams could only get an inconsequential single and two walks.

When Mantle hit his game-winning home run, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Correspondent John Hanlon noted: "Williams stood with his arms folded across his chest and seemingly glowered as Mantle made his tour. I thought that when Mantle turned at second base, he looked at Williams, as if to say, 'How about that.' Ted just continued to glower."

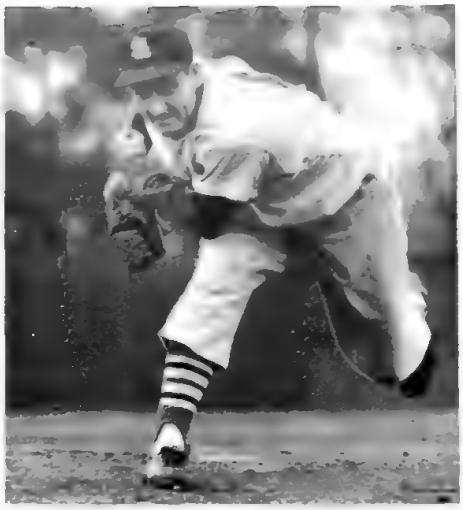
The next afternoon even more people tried to get into the park—36,207 for a season high in Boston. To add to the confusion, 20,000 Rhode Islanders, celebrating Rhode Island Day, joined the crush. A monumental traffic jam along the way stretched an hour's drive into three, and Plate Umpire Hank Soar, coming up from Providence, just did make the game in time by pleading with traffic policemen to let him through.

For the Williams fans (*i.e.*, just about everybody) it was worth the struggle. Ted hit a towering home run over the left field wall with two men on. As Williams circled the bases, the crowd stood on its feet and gave him one of the biggest ovations ever heard in Fenway Park. As usual, he did not acknowledge it. Later, he added a single and a walk to help the Red Sox to a 6-4 victory. Mantle was held to one hit in four at-bats.

The last game was anticlimactic, as Williams continued to add to his batting lead with a double and single in three at-bats. Mantle went 0 for 2. At series' end, Williams' .393 led Mantle by 13 points.

Williams' finest tribute came from Mantle himself: "He's the greatest hitter that ever lived." —L.W.





WEEKEND HEROES were young Bob Hazle *shown left with Chicago Writer Jim Enright* who continued amazing .500 batting average with four hits against Cards, and Vinegar Bend Mizell, who stopped Braves in second game Sunday with four hit shutout.

no bench to back up the regulars. The result was, for the moment at least, disastrous.

For the Dodgers it was an equally bitter experience. This season, when they had perhaps their finest pitching staff of recent years, turned out to be the one when their magnificent collection of pennant-winning veterans finally succumbed to the ailments of old age.

The Milwaukee pitching meanwhile had been solid, the hitting had been simply wonderful and no one could overlook Henry Aaron, who was leading the National League in batting, home runs, runs batted in and runs scored. But, Milwaukee decided, the real reason for success lay in the fact that this season the Braves were commanding instead of just hoping, were mounting a sustained drive instead of fitful spurts that didn't last. And the prime contributor to this atmosphere of command and consistency was the skinny, redheaded second baseman, Albert Schoendienst, obtained from the Giants in a trade in mid-June. Outsiders may insist, as Leo Durocher does, that Henry Aaron is the most valuable Brave, or Warren Spahn, or Bob Buhl. Milwaukee says it's Schoendienst.

Milwaukee is in love with Schoendienst, most likely because Milwaukee has never had anything like him before, never had a second baseman who could make the plays he makes, never had a player as good who gave so much of himself to win.

The evening following the Braves' welcome at the airport, the *Milwaukee Sentinel* appeared on the streets of the city with an eight-column scare head across the top of the front page. Was it news of the H-bomb, or the cold war, or the latest ladler of the teamsters' gravy? No. The black letters shouted: THE SCHOENDIENST STORY. The article described the second baseman as "the player who is credited unanimously by his Braves teammates with bringing them within sight of the promised land" and "a Moses come to lead them out of the wilderness of bitter disappointment and frustration."

The story stopped short of canonizing Schoendienst, but the huge crowd 45,447 at the game that night almost took care of that detail. The roar of acclaim each time Red batted was overwhelming. Schoendienst acknowledged his reception with two beautiful fielding plays and four hits in five at bats. But the Braves lost to the second-place Cardinals, the winning streak was broken and the superstitious quaked.

THE GAME THEY HAD TO WIN

They really shouldn't have, for the next day the Braves won what may prove to be their most important victory of the season, in a game they simply had to win. And Schoendienst showed quite clearly why Milwaukee has gone dotty over him. The Cardinals got off to a quick 3-0 lead. The St. Louis pitcher, Larry Jackson, retired the first 16 Milwaukee batters in order. Spectators discussed the possibility of St. Louis sweeping the four-game series and reducing the Braves' lead to a morale-breaking $4\frac{1}{2}$ games.

In the sixth inning Del Crandall got Milwaukee's first hit, a single. Two outs later, Schoendienst came to bat and with a neat flick of his wrists flyswatted the ball over the right field fence for a home run. In the eighth inning, with a man on first, he whipped a three-two pitch to right, sending the runner to third, from whence he scored the tying run a moment later on Frank Torre's hit.

In the ninth inning, after the Cardinals had loaded the bases with one out and had Stan Musial up batting against Warren Spahn, Schoendienst took Musial's hopper and started a trap-fast double play to end the inning and prevent a run. In the 10th inning he was the middle man in another double play. He had been an offensive force, with his home run and base hits; and he had been a defensive force, with his sure, deft, impeccable fielding.

When, in the 11th inning, Henry Aaron rammed a double deep to right center to drive in the tying and winning runs, what Schoendienst had done became apparent: he had kept the Braves from losing, had held off defeat until Henry Aaron could go fetch victory. You thought of all the games the Braves used to let slip away through awkward fielding or the lack of a base hit at the right time. Then you appreciated Milwaukee's love of Red, and you knew that winning this game from the Cardinals could mean more to the pennant race than losing the doubleheader the next day.

Lou Perini still insists his Braves are in. He's probably right. The Braves won't flub this one. END

Height of Terror

Switzerland's Eiger is a forbidding peak, and for 19 years its north face has been a forbidden climb; death and heroism mark it again

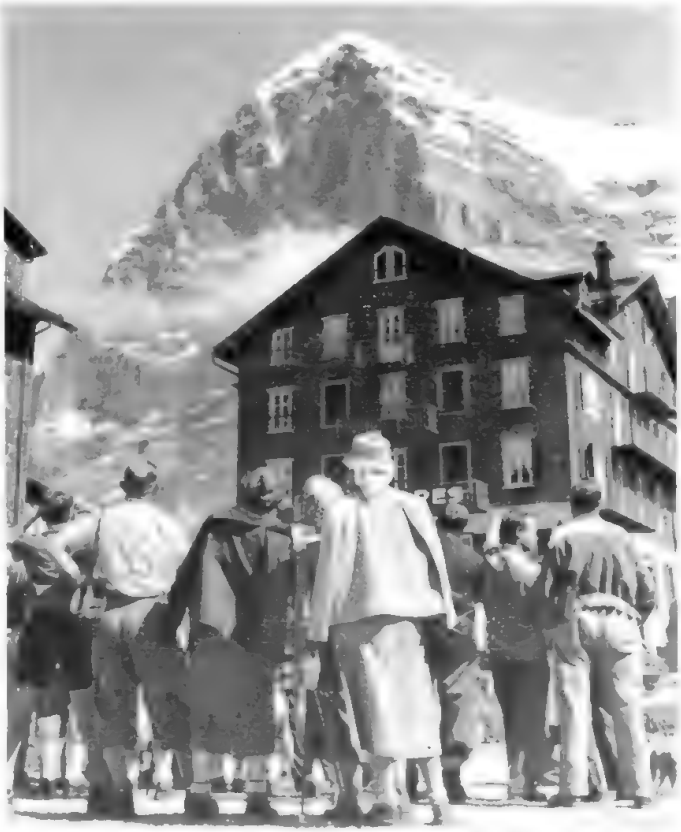
SUMMER RAINS falling gently on the green valleys of Switzerland mean snow on the peaks, where storms know no seasons. Under the sun, when tourists ordinarily lounge on hotel balconies or train coin telescopes on chamois leaping on the rocks, water pours in foaming torrents over the cliffs and at night freezes as it falls. The loss last week of three lives on the north face of the 13,036-foot Eiger made somber the alternation of summer in the valleys and winter in the heights, for the three climbers who died, and the one who was rescued, were pinned for days against the mile-high vertical north face, gasping in blizzards, in an ordeal so prolonged that sympathy was dulled and their tragedy became unreal to the world that followed it.

What made it too harrowing was that too much went wrong. The two Italian climbers, Claudio Corti and Stefano Longhi, starting secretly so they would not be dissuaded, lost their way at the outset and lost strength retracing their steps. High on the sheer face they came upon two Germans, Günther Nothdurft and Franz Mayer, who were also attempting the climb. The pilot of a plane sent to investigate, seeing the four together, thought they looked strong, though at nights they were forced to stand erect to avoid the water's gushing and freezing over them. Even when the Germans fell to their death on the sixth night, watchers through telescopes in the valley still had no inkling of the tragedy, for they could see two men, and two tents, and thought the others were inside.

After Longhi fell 40 yards and lay on a ledge, secured by a rope, the accumulation of disasters passed the point where the human imagination could hold them. The magnificent rescue attempt, which near the end saw 51 men on the summit of Eiger, climbing by an easier route and dropping cables, was touched by the same eerie excess of disaster—cables that were too short, radios that failed, new storms on the eve of success. Corti was rescued, but Longhi's body, along with those of the Germans, was left to the Eiger.

Nineteen years ago the Alpine rescue clubs were asked by the government not to go to the aid of climbers in distress on the north face of Eiger, both to prevent loss of life among the rescuers and to discourage further ill-fated attempts.

Last week the mountain's north face, where 21 lives have been lost in the last 23 attempted climbs, loomed colder and deadlier than ever.



DOWN BELOW, in town of Grindelwald, tourists take turns at telescope, scanning precipitous north wall of the Eiger and waiting hopefully for word of full rescues which never came.





CORTI, RESCUER ALFRED HELLEPART ARE HAULED UP BY WIRE

CORTI (PEAKED HOOD) IS HELPED DOWN EIGER'S SNOWY SADDLE

BELOW SNOW LINE, CORTI, NOW TRANSFERRED TO RESCUE SLEDGE, IS HAULED OVER THE ROCK FACE TO SAFETY AND RECOVERY



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

DON CAMPBELL SAYS GOODBY TO CANANDAIGUA ● KRAMER AND TROUPE PLAN SOME HARD WORK ● WHAT DID CALHOUN SAY WRONG? ● THE 48 PEAKS OF THE 48 STATES ● MEN!

WESTWARD, HO

IN CASE anyone was still in a state of suspense, the New York Giants made it official this week. They will move to San Francisco.

LOP, POPPLE & SWELLS

THREE TIMES, in early morning stillnesses last week, Donald Campbell walked out on a metal ramp set in the shallows of New York's Lake Canandaigua, eased himself into the cockpit of his jet-powered *Bluebird* and addressed himself to the shocking task of breaking his own 225.63 mph world speed record for water. He is a handsome, stocky fellow with thick, disordered brown hair and a stubborn and sensitive face. He moved and talked casually as he pulled a bright yellow life jacket over his pale blue flying suit, crouched in his narrow metal den, adjusted his fighter plane harness and pulled on a golden crash helmet and oxygen mask. But each time, as one of his crew sealed him under *Bluebird*'s Plexiglas canopy, it was a little like watching a man being strapped into an electric chair.

For all his burning fascination with speed, Campbell is no daredevil; indeed, he says: "I'm getting to be a very nervous fellow." Although he was intent on two measured kilometer runs of 250 mph, he had long since discovered that Lake Canandaigua is not a proper surface for such speeds. It is a resort lake and more than a thousand potentially dangerous pleasure craft are moored around its shores. Worse, it is subject to faint but persistent swells which are virtually invisible to the naked eye but which become iron-hard ruts at 200 mph.

No one in the world understands the dangers of running on disturbed water better than Campbell; it is he, in fact, who is responsible for most of today's knowledge of the so-called "water barrier." Any structure has its own critical rhythm—a point at which its vibrations begin re-enforcing each other. Tacoma's Narrows Bridge shook itself to pieces in a wind. John Cobb died when his jet boat disintegrated while vibrating seven times a second at 206 mph. *Bluebird*, too, of course, is subject to this same deadly effect. A two-inch wave at 200 mph causes 6 Gs of vertical stress ("You feel," says Campbell, "as though you're tied to a trip hammer"), and stress increases fantastically as speed goes up—3 Gs at 100 mph would become 27 Gs at 300. And all the while *Bluebird* must be handled as delicately as "an automobile going 100 mph on ice."

For all this, Campbell—who must be a sort of carnival attraction as well as a driver to finance his adventures—was resolved to make the best of his troubles. Civic-minded citizens of Canandaigua (pop. 9,000) had raised money to bring boat and crew from England in the hopes of attracting tourists to an exhibition area and financing a new YMCA building. They went $50,000 in the red instead. Nevertheless they labored mightily in Campbell's cause—a fleet of 29 patrol boats was organized to police the course, and volunteers called at hundreds of homes on the lakeshore before each run to warn boat owners. A new record might bail Canandaigua out—*Bluebird* will be exhibited in Canada this month and the town will benefit from the proceeds.

At dawn on Thursday morning a windsock at the lakeshore hung motionless. Not a leaf moved. The lake shimmered with infinitesimal ripples which Campbell and his crew call "popple" (slightly bigger ripples are "lop") but under them the ever-present swell still moved. *Bluebird* made four runs—

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

- **Horse of the Week**

 The gallant little 3-year-old, Gallant Man, moved closer to the Horse-of-the-Year title by winning the 88th running of the Travers at Saratoga, but it was a horse race. With Bold Ruler ailing with an injured shoulder muscle, Trainer Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons saddled Ogden Phipps' Bureaucracy, sent him out (at 11 to 1) to "try to reach out and steal it," missed by half a length.

- **Preview at Houston**

 The U.S. unveiled its latest generation of girl swimmers at the Women's AAU meet in Houston, watched nine U.S.-citizen marks fall —all to girls 17 or under. The youngest: 13-year-old Chris Von Salta, who set three.

- **Resignation in Detroit**

 Moody Buddy Parker, coach of Detroit's football Lions, startled a booster banquet by resigning ("I've got a situation here I can't handle"). Perhaps contributing to Parker's gloom: needling by an earlier speaker, Otto Graham, who jibed, "[Cleveland] had a standard fine of $500 for curfew violations. If that held on this club, some players would be bankrupt."

- **Appointment in Indianapolis**

 World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio wouldn't race with the Indianapolis drivers in the Monza "500" this summer (European cars unsuitable), but expect him to invade Indy itself next year in an Indy car.

two each way over a four-mile course and past great yellow balloons moored on the surface to mark the critical kilometer. It was a fantastic sight: each time the boat crept slowly away screaming like a floating sawmill, accelerated gradually, rumbled and then suddenly disappeared in a cloud of smoke and steam, as though Beezebub himself were tearing along just below the surface.

Campbell came back looking wan. He had reached 220 on one run but had averaged only 204.5. "That bloody swell," he muttered. "I had 4 Gs on the meter—at 250 I'd have had 10—it was just simple mathematics." He had one more day; after that the official timers from the American Power Boat Association would depart. That night it rained. But at dawn, miraculously, there was no swell. Campbell was in the cockpit almost as soon as *Bluebird* was in the water and was moving only a minute or so later, unaware that a power boat had just crossed the lake, miles away, and that its waves were rolling up the course.

Bluebird entered the measured kilometer at 240 mph, looking less like a boat on the flat water than like a racing car raising a long streamer of dust on a desert. Then, with a great squirt of spume, it bounced and was airborne, just over the water, for perhaps 200 feet. It bounced like a skipped stone and sailed again—with a sound like a laboring locomotive, "choo-choo-choo-choo-chooooo"—and went tearing off out of sight.

That ended the hope for the record and almost ended Campbell. "I don't know how we got away with it," he said afterward. "After we hit that wave we were off the water so long I could just sit there and contemplate it. The boat went off with one shoe higher than the other—I just don't know why the lower one didn't dig and roll us when we came down. I could only ease the throttle off a little. We came out of it at 210. The engine felt sick coming back [he did 198 on the return for an average of 209.75], and we're through." He walked to a parked car and leaned against it. After a bit he said: "I could cry."

TENNIS LESSONS

AUSTRALIA's Lew Hoad, who was a problem boy in amateur tennis, due to a tendency toward not trying hard enough if displeased, has now become the problem boy of professional tennis due—or at least this is Promoter Jack Kramer's hopeful theory—to a sudden tendency toward trying too hard all the time. Since winning at Wimbledon and signing a $125,000 contract for one year, he has been beaten by virtually everyone in the pro game. In the Los Angeles Masters Tournament, he did not even win a set while losing eight times in a row—a performance dramatized by the fact that the North American Newspaper Alliance was simultaneously publishing a series of daily tennis lessons by Lew Hoad.



Last week, however, he was hustled off to Europe to take lessons himself and regain his confidence in matches in France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, England, Italy and Africa. At any rate Promoter Kramer hoped so. Kramer is bedeviled by 1) the fact that Pancho Gonzales is so good that it is almost impossible for fans to get excited during his matches, and 2) by the fact that Pancho is demanding 30% of the gross of next winter's whole pro tennis tour. "I plan to work with Hoad a lot," Kramer promised. "He has been forced into a state of confusion where he has suffered a loss of confidence. We hope to remake his game to fit professional standards." After a moment—perhaps spent in contemplation of his $125,000—he added: "He is as strong as a bull. I believe he will prove too much for Gonzales in the long run."

DIVERSITY, U.S.A.

WHO sued a newspaper for a million dollars for calling him an ignoramus, and collected 6c damages?"

"Henry Ford," answered Herb Flam, a onetime business major at UCLA, and he was right for $8,000.

For answering this and similar questions correctly, UCLA's Herb Flam, better known as the nation's second-ranking amateur tennis player, reached another plateau on CBS's *$64,000 Question* and was thereby entitled to try for $16,000 this week.

•

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"I do," answered Lee Calhoun, Olympic 110 meter hurdles champion, on NBC's *Bride and Groom* show.

For the right answer to this question, Olympian Calhoun and his wife, the former Gwendolyn Bannister, received a honeymoon trip to Paris, about $2,000 worth of gifts and loss of Lee's amateur standing.

•

Reasoned President Renville McMann of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association: "He [Flam] is not profiting from tennis. He is helping tennis by showing that players know more than how to hit a ball . . . I was glad to see him get an honest buck aboveboard rather than under the table."

Reasoned the Carolinas' AAU, which promptly invoked Rule VII, Section 4 and canceled Calhoun's amateur registration card: Calhoun was guilty of "participating in a radio or television broadcast either directly or indirectly connected with an advertisement."

PURPLE MOUNTAIN MAJESTIES

AFTER five years of trying, the Rev. F. W. McDermott of Springfield, Ill., a Baptist minister, has climbed to the top of the highest peaks in each of the 48 states. A week ago he descended in triumph from his last challenge, 12,850-foot Granite Peak in the Beartooth Mountains of Montana. The week before, he climbed 13,785-foot Gannett Peak, highest in Wyoming, and the week before that he made his way into the remote Lost River Range of Idaho and climbed Borah Peak, which rises a sturdy 12,655 feet.

Now 58, McDermott began climbing when he was a young pastor in Hannibal, N.Y., leading his Boy Scout troop on Adirondack hikes. He was president of Rio Grande College in Ohio in 1952 when it occurred to him that he had scaled the peaks of 24 states and might as well conquer the remainder. Now the highest mountain in Ohio is either Campbell Hill, 1,550 feet, or Hogue's Hill, approximately ditto, both near Bellefontaine; but since Bellefontaine itself stands 1,215 feet above sea level these adjacent slopes can hardly be called towering, and the most grueling effort involved locating the markers in the flat land. Where there was a dispute as to which point was higher, McDermott climbed both.

He found the highest point of Delaware, rising a sheer 440 feet above the Brandywine Valley, scarcely higher than the trees that grow on its foothills. The lowest high point of any state in the union is to be found in Florida. There a 345-foot hill near Walton presents no insuperable obstacle to an experienced mountain climber. I began find it. Once started on his task, Parson McDermott scaled the heights of

continued



"*This is* Monitor *in the English Channel returning you to Radio Central.*"

continued

Mount Driskill in Louisiana (535 feet), Jerimoth Hill in Rhode Island (812), Mount Sassafras in South Carolina (3,560), Ocheyedan Mound in Iowa (1,675) and Greenfork Top in Indiana (1,240). Some of these low-level peaks presented problems that would crush an Alpine guide. Trying to mount to the summit of 1,951-foot Sugarbush Hill in Wisconsin, McDermott found it surrounded by a strong wire fence. It appeared to be part of some government installation, and while he eventually conquered it, he did so only after considerable dispute with suspicious officials who were unable to comprehend his purpose.

His daughter Betty accompanied him on his climbs to the high points of 17 states, including Mount Backbone in Maryland (3,360), Brasstown Bald (4,784) in Georgia, Spruce Knob (4,860) in West Virginia, Wheeler Peak (13,151) in New Mexico and Mount Whitney (14,495), highest of the 48, in California. They started up Humphreys Peak in the San Francisco Mountains, the highest peak in Arizona (12,655), and were near the peak of an adjacent height, which they had mistaken for the summit, when they were struck by lightning. McDermott was knocked backward against his daughter, who slipped and fell and, as they were on a high point, each thought the other had vanished over the cliff. When they found each other they managed to get down, both suffering from shock, and the following week reached the real peak, this time with a party.

Meanwhile McDermott made his home in Illinois (highest point, Charles Mound, 1,241 feet), heading a fund-raising drive for Shurtleff College and later serving as secretary of the fund-raising division of the Illinois Baptist Convention. The search for high ground continued—Mount Elbert's 14,495 in Colorado and the highest spot in Kansas, which looked high on the map (4,135) but which turned out to be surrounded by a plateau roughly 4,134 feet high. Last summer McDermott climbed Rainier in Washington and was halfway up Borah Peak in Idaho with his younger daughter Lorena, when she became ill and he had to come down, so last month's ascent of Borah was the second of several climbs he had to make twice. All told, 273,461 feet of the purple mountain majesties of America the beautiful lay behind him at the completion of his task, or just over 51½ vertical miles, and there was no question but that he is not only the only man ever to climb to the highest points of all the states—he is likely the only man who even knows what they all are.

GAME CALLED

THIS, our correspondent reports, is the way it happened—on a quiet street in suburban Long Island one sunny afternoon last week:

The little girl with the pony tail hairdo was about 8 years old, and she stood on the edge of the front lawn watching four boys at hurly-burly horseplay. The boys, from two to four years older, were tumbling and wrestling over the lawn, yipping and snorting in four-part harmony. If the little girl betrayed the urge to join the fun, it was only by occasionally raising herself on tiptoes and leaning toward the action—and each time she lowered herself with resignation.

One of the boys began turning cart wheels and instantly all four were at it—clumsy, coltish, turning two in succession, at the most, before they collapsed. Moving a bit closer, the little girl began turning cart wheels too—gracefully and in a perfect circle. Every other wheel, she flipped herself over with one hand instead of two.

There was a moment of quiet as all four boys watched her and then, with a yip, one of them started standing on his hands. Immediately, the other three were trying it. One pulled out a pocket watch and began timing the others to see who could hold the handstand longest. None got past three or four seconds, and all the while the little girl was jumping up and down, pony tail bobbing furiously, and calling, "Time me too! Time me too!"

Ignored completely, she finally flipped herself onto her hands just as one of the boys got on his.

"One . . . two . . ." the timer sang out, "three four . . . (here the boy tumbled in a heap) . . . five . . . six . . . seven. . . ." The timer trailed off. The little girl balanced herself straight and still. The quiet lasted a bit longer this time.

"Time me on my head!" one of the boys yelled, and up he went and held it for 18 seconds. The little girl watched until all of them tried a headstand. Then, as the boy who was best at it got up for the second time, she did too.

Wobbling all the while, the boy lasted for 27 seconds. From then on, there was dead silence for another minute and 20 seconds. The boys stared. The little girl held true.

One boy finally broke the spell. "Let's play ball!" he yelled. "I'm going home and get my mitt!" and all four turned away and ran off.

The little girl got down slowly from her headstand. She stood watching the four retreating figures. Then she took possession of the lawn with one long burst of cart wheels.



TOP MAN

A dashing fencer, very bald,
Desired to look *très gaie;*
But when opponents scored a point
They always cried, "Toupee!"

—LINETTE BURTON

MASSACHUSETTS SIGHTING

LACONIC dispatch to this magazine from a correspondent regularly assigned to regional intelligence for FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR:

"MASSACHUSETTS: Two-headed sea monster sighted by Harwich Port Skipper Bud McKenney off Pollock Rip. 'It was making 100-pound tuna act like sand eels being pursued in the surf,' reports Captain McKenney, whose discovery was corroborated by Skipper Carl White of the *Old Striper.*"

Sea Serpents have been disturbing Massachusetts mariners on and off ever since a 120-foot smoke-belching monster, whipping along at 15 mph, caught the eye of Captain Elkanah Finney off Warrens Cove near Plymouth in 1815. It or various relatives reappeared in Gloucester Harbor, at Rye Point and elsewhere along the coast from time to time. One was sufficiently incautious to come within firing range of Captain Matthew Gaffney, who harmlessly discharged a rifle at the creature. Captain McKenney's serpent, first to be sighted in many years, may indicate a return to Massachusetts waters. But as FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR *(see page 9)* might say: OP.





CROSSING ILLINOIS, PATTERSON TRIES CALISTHENICS IN HIS PULLMAN, LATER WAS GLAD TO GET USE OF THE TRAIN'S BAGGAGE CAR.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART SHAY

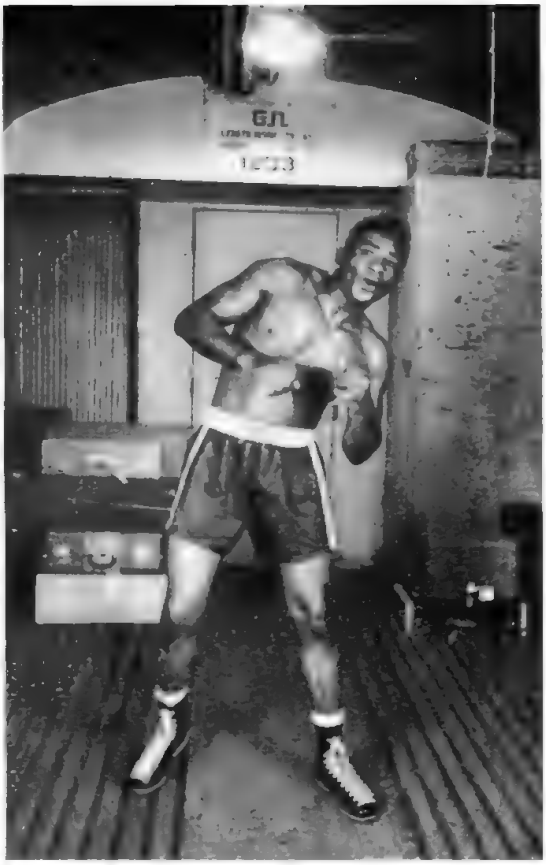
CHAMP GOES WEST

WHEN GENE TUNNEY hired an airplane to fly him from his training camp at Stroudsburg, Pa. to the first Jack Dempsey fight at Philadelphia (distance 70 miles) it was the great wonder of the day. "Foolhardy," everyone said. When Floyd Patterson crossed the country by train for his fight with Pete Rademacher in Seattle (distance: 3,170 miles) it was also a great wonder. "Why didn't he fly?" everyone asked. The reason is that Cus D'Amato, his manager, does not consider that the airplane has been perfected yet and, until it is, he does not consider it safe for heavyweight champions and their managers.

The long train ride began on a Friday night in New York aboard the *Twentieth Century Limited* and ended the following Monday morning in Seattle. Patterson made no attempt to train on the *Century's* overnight run to Chicago, but during the six-hour layover in Chicago he loosened up with a long walk. Aboard the *Empire Builder* for Seattle, he suffered a disappointment. He had expected to work out in the baggage car, but the conductor was unwilling to risk responsibility for what might happen to the champion in a swaying baggage car. Patterson had to make do with an hour or so of workout in his bedroom. When the Great Northern tracks were picked up at St. Paul, another conductor took charge and Patterson was given the use of a combination car devoted to baggage and crew's quarters, including showers, for his rope skipping, calisthenics and shadowboxing.

At Seattle, Patterson was greeted by an enthusiastic crowd, interviewed and then whisked to his training camp at Star Lake. That afternoon he boxed four rounds, seemed rather less sharp than he usually is and remarked that the long train ride had left him stiff. At that, he arrived in better shape than Gene Tunney after his precedent-making Stroudsburg-Philadelphia flight. He was airsick all the way.





AS GREAT NORTHERN'S "EMPIRE BUILDER" HUSTLES ALONG AT CLOSE TO 80 MPH, THE CHAMPION SKIPS ROPE AND SHADOWBOXES

BIG BREAKFAST GETS APPRECIATIVE WELCOME FROM FLOYD



STATION CROWD AND CHAMP EXCHANGE WAVES AT WHITEFISH, MONT.



MICHIGAN GOES OUT

GYMNASTS EARNESTINE RUSSEL AND ED GAGNIER SHOW THE BEAUTY OF BEING FIT



WHILE most Americans lolled languidly in the August heat, a fitness fever sweeping over Michigan erupted into two Junior Olympic festivals. One weekend event began with an 82-mile relay from Port Huron to Flint. Eighty men and boys in towns along the route passed on the identical torch used in last winter's Olympic Games, until it reached still-active octogenarian Roy Hagerman (*above*). The 225-event Flint Junior Olympics, sponsored by Michigan's Mott Foundation and the AAU, drew 1,500 participants and 1,700 spectators, a high ratio of active to passive sportsmen.

At Detroit's Belle Isle 2,000 boys under 17 ran, jumped, tugged and chinned during one of the largest single programs of its kind in the country. Shane MacCarthy, Eisenhower's chief spokesman for fitness, kept fit hopping between Flint and Detroit bearing Ike's salute to an active Michigan.



HAGERMAN AT 65 BEARS TORCH ON LAST LAP

AND UP FOR FITNESS



GRIMACING DETROIT BOYS AT BELLE ISLE CONVINCINGLY DEMONSTRATE THE UPS AND DOWNS OF KEEPING FIT ON A CHINNING BAR



PLAY LEADER FRANK SMITH URGES ON HIS DETROIT DISTRICT FIVE TEAM IN SEMIFINALS OF TUG OF WAR THEY LOST TO DISTRICT SIX



RINGFUL OF PAIRS IS SEEN BY SPECTATORS FROM SHADE OF GRANDSTAND

Between the summer and autumn,
Comes the youngsters' moment of truth:
It's the time when adult equitation
Gives way to

ACCENT ON YOUTH

Late summer days are lazy ones for most children, with only the shadow of school's reopening to spoil vacation leisure. But for the hardworking young horseman, like those shown on the opposite page, summertime is horse show time, and that is a tough school in its own right. The Fairfield County Hunt Club at Westport, Conn., which dedicates a whole show—three complete days—to the youthful exhibitor, typifies the increasing attention being paid to the junior riders and, incidentally, provides them with one of the liveliest and loveliest shows in the East. In fact, it does more than that—the club gives its junior members the responsibility of organizing and running the event themselves. But the show is not the only feature of a year-round program of instruction. In addition, equestrian authorities are imported to hold seminars and to lecture on hunt field manners. There are demonstrations of whip cracking, and practice shows are held—all of which means that when finally confronted with show or hound, the junior need not act like a novice. But the show is the heightened moment—the climax of the year's activities, and next week (Aug. 23–25) Fairfield riders and visitors from half a dozen states will gather with some 100 horses and ponies to demonstrate the skills perfected throughout the year. In between the stresses of showing, the juniors, from wide-eyed toddlers to sophisticated teenagers, give in at some point and just lazily relax on an August afternoon.

Photographed by Richard Meek

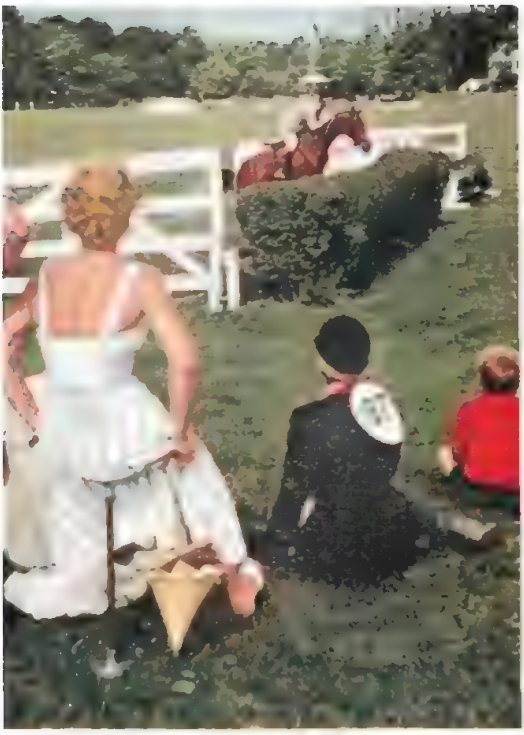
Veteran juniors at Fairfield watch show from mounts when not in ring. Abbie Arms on pony Patches (*top, left*) tilts cap against sun while parked next to Diana Drake; Meredith Parish takes Mountaineer over post and rails (*top, right*); J. Michael Plumb, talented Long Island rider, pilots hunter over outside course (*bottom, left*); and Willie Drake waits to go in class with pony, Santa Claus.



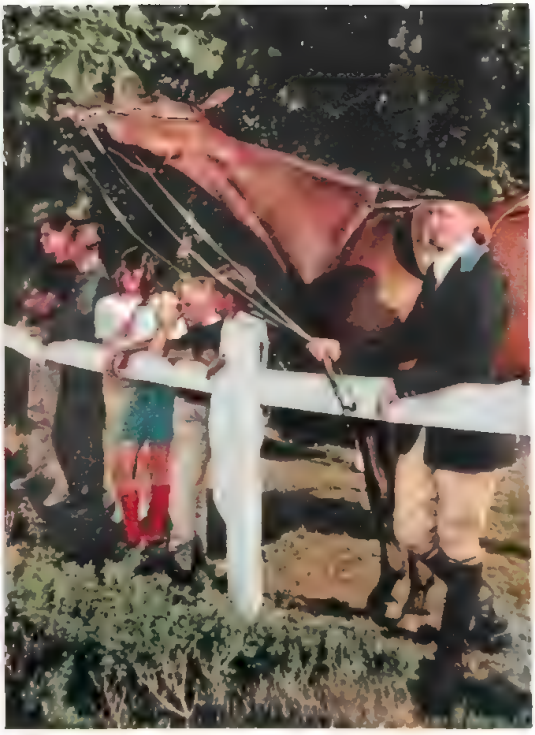






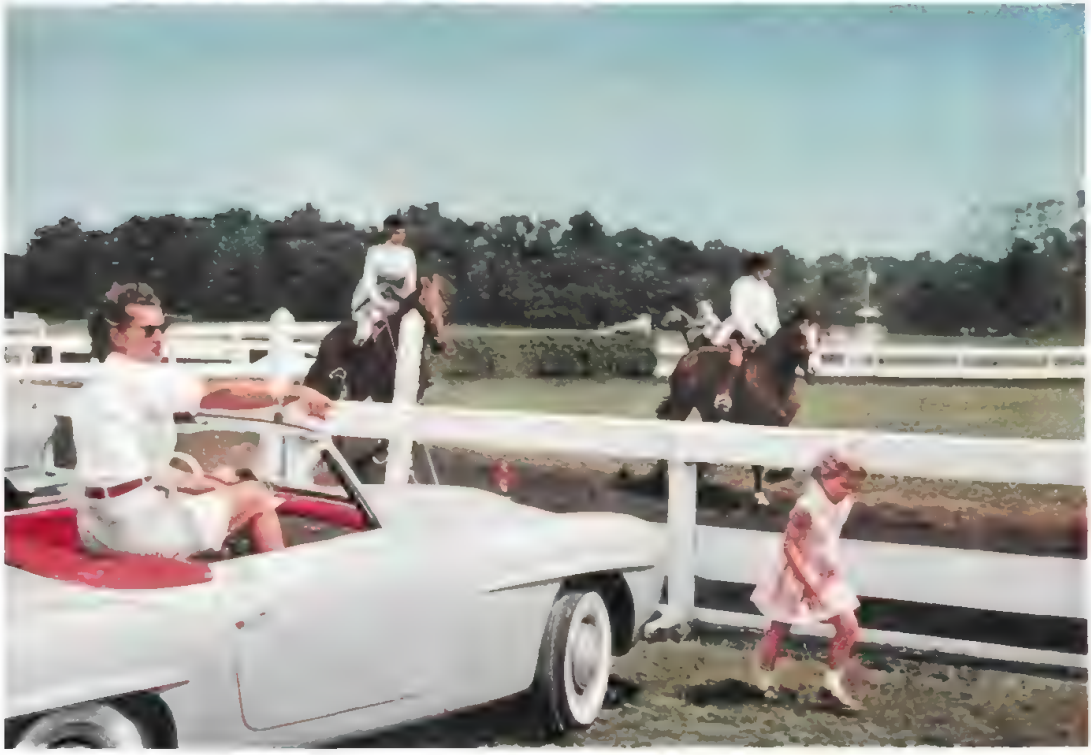


Bracketed on grooming [illegible] Mrs. Robert A. Strand and daughter Heidi watch her [illegible] station on outside course.



Preoccupied [illegible] 5-year-old Romance LaRock [illegible] competition, thus giving her mare, Good Luck, a chance to sneak a leafy lunch.

FROM HER MERCEDES MRS. E. W. STETSON JR. WARNS DAUGHTER LESLIE TO AVOID RAIL WHILE HUNTER HACK CLASS IS IN PROGRESS





SIPPING SIDESADDLE IN THE SHADE, 13-YEAR-OLD BETSY KELLAM FOLLOWS EVENT ON POLO FIELD FROM BACK OF HER PONY, JUNIOR

Pony-riding 9-year-old, Abbie Arms, guides her piebald, Patches, over working hunter pony sweepstake course. They won.



At day's end relaxed teen-agers pull off their boots and jackets to observe in comfort the outcome of show's final classes.





HUTCH *is what all baseball fondly calls Fred Hutchinson, the gruffly sympathetic manager of the St. Louis Cardinals. His onetime high school battery mate here reports how Hutch is able to keep his bearings*

IN SUNSHINE OR IN SHADOW

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

by EMMETT WATSON

FOUR MEN gathered last month in Gussie Busch's plush office beneath the bright, clean, richly decorated grandstand of Busch Stadium, home of the St. Louis Cardinals. Three of the men were looking intently at the rock-hard face of Fred Hutchinson, a face that might have been hacked out by an angry sculptor with a dull chisel. Hutchinson, manager of the Cardinals, had called the three together. He spoke softly, so low that at times his words were almost inaudible.

The men who listened were August Anheuser Busch Jr., the baronial-born president of the Cardinals; Richard A. Meyer, the team's executive vice-president and a ranking lieutenant in Busch's beer and baseball combine. Finally, there was General Manager Frank Lane, the stormy extrovert, a man of constant opinions, who seldom lowers his voice below a shout. These men are not accustomed to listening, but now they heard the manager out.

Hutchinson was quietly calling his bosses down on Gussie Busch's thick carpet. This was a month before the National League pennant race fell apart under the sudden weight of the Milwaukee Braves' ten-game winning streak, and the Cardinals were still eagerly fighting for the league lead. "You all want a pennant, and we can have it," he was saying. "We've got an outside chance. But I've got to be left alone to do my job. It's hard enough to fight the opposition on the field every day without answering to my own front office in the newspapers. Criticize me all you want. Second-guess me in private. I get paid to take that. But when your criticism hits every newspaper in the country, it can wreck the morale of this ball club. That's one thing we can't stand."

The meeting in Busch's office was the breaking point in a curious, panicky sort of pennant fever that gripped St. Louis in mid-July. Off to a slow start, the Cardinals abruptly burst three games in front of the five-team National League dogfight for first place. But, just as quickly, the lead disappeared. Four straight losses on an eastern road trip dropped the Cards into second place. Then the blowup came. In a final series game at Brooklyn on July 18, the Cardinals rallied for seven runs in the ninth inning to take a 9-4 lead. With one run across and the bases full of Dodgers, Hutchinson grimly ignored accepted baseball practice when he left Wilmer (Vinegar Bend) Mizell, a left-hander, in the game against Gil Hodges, Brooklyn's right-handed power hitter. Hodges slammed a bases-loaded home run to tie up the game 9-9, and Brooklyn went on to win 10-9 in 11 innings.

St. Louis fans exploded with outrage. Irate calls flooded newspapers, radio stations and the Cardinal office. Many demanded a change "while there's still time." Hutchinson made his own plight worse by barring the clubhouse door to St. Louis writers. Frank Lane, a volatile critic and enthusiastic second-guesser, openly raged at his manager's judgment. Meyer, the vice-president, publicly called the game "pitiful, tragic and disastrous." He also scorched Hutchinson for resting Alvin Dark in the ninth inning "when you know that Dark is the glue that holds the infield together and keeps the pitchers on their toes." Wire services carried stories quoting Lane and Meyer, hinting club dissension, a Cardinal collapse and the finish of Hutchinson.

None of this bothered Hutch except the public blasting he took from Meyer and Lane. A column by Al Abrams of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, which discussed the executive criticism of the Cardinal manager, triggered one of baseball's most violent tempers. Hutchinson searched out Al Fleishman, of the Fleishman-Hillard public relations firm, which handles the Anheuser-Busch account. "How much of this can a man stand!" roared Hutchinson, hands raised and fists clenched in controlled fury. "Get 'em all together before they wreck us!" Fleishman paled, then helped arrange the meeting in St. Louis. It lasted only 20 minutes. And Hutchinson, a man whose tantrums have shattered the furniture in a dozen clubhouses, was calm and forceful in the way he made his point: "Let me alone to do

continued

FRED HUTCHINSON

cont'd

my job." Then he walked out of Gussie Busch's office and continued doing his job, which, despite an inexplicable midseason batting slump that plunged his team into a nine-game losing streak, had kept the Cardinals 10 1 outsiders in spring handicaps, a persistent second in the wildest National League pennant race in decades.

Of all the 16 major league baseball managers, Hutchinson is perhaps the least known, the least understood. American Leaguers remember him as a plate-shaving control pitcher, a murderously grim and intelligent competitor; or they remember him as a firm, diplomatic player representative, who helped gain or preserve such benefits as minimum salaries, training-camp expenses and pension funds. And in Detroit they remember him as a young and successful manager, who turned his back on a $40,000 contract to go back and manage in his home town of Seattle.

But St. Louis doesn't know him well. For two years Hutchinson has worked quietly under the publicized, player-swapping Frank Lane and wealthy, flamboyant Gussie Busch. Unlike either Lane or Busch, Hutchinson rarely indulges the private luxury of merely listening to his own voice. Off the field, he is gentle, affable, even courtly. But on his own professional grounds, where success is determined by an uncompromising scoreboard, he shows little except a monumental rage to win.

Hutchinson looks at the world through an angry scowl, but this is partly a façade. "He's really kind of a happy guy inside," says Joe Garagiola, former Cardinal catcher, now a St. Louis television commentator, "only his face doesn't know it." Some of baseball's best quips have bounced off the stony Hutchinson exterior. He can't find it in himself to laugh when he doesn't feel the joke. Nor can his thin, compressed lips form the safe, comfortable "yes" if what he really thinks is "no." Some time ago, Owner Busch developed a fondness for a certain player on the Cardinal roster. His fondness bordered on an outright order to play him in the Cardinal lineup.

Hutchinson studied his boss, who rarely hears a "no" from a subordinate. "Mr. Busch," he said, "do you want me to say what I really think, or what you want to hear" If I wanted to play a clown, I'd go hire Emmett Kelly." With that he stalked out of the room.

After a moment of silence, Frank Lane turned to the Cardinal owner. "Mr. Busch," he said, "that man is worth a million dollars to you, because he always tells you the truth."

Such nicknames as "Sparky Face," "The Moose" and "The Bear" have been applied to Hutchinson, but none have quite stuck. "The Bear" is currently popular in St. Louis, and curiously fitting. During games, Hutchinson, a square-set man of 6 feet 2, weighing 200 pounds, paces restlessly in the pine-green dugout of Busch Stadium, hunched slightly forward, his huge hands nervously rattling a few white pebbles that line the outer rim of the field.

Frequently, the frustration of losing a close game touches off wild, demonstrative rages. He has broken water coolers, stools, light bulbs, and once last year in Cincinnati he hammered his own fists against a board-covered concrete wall until his knuckles were bloody and swollen. But his rages are rarely directed at an individual player; knowing his own temper, Hutchinson makes it a private rule to wait until the next day to chew out a player for his mistake. Sarcasm, the goading tool of many baseball managers, is no part of Hutchinson's nature. His bluntness is deceptively simple.

"When I first came here," he once said, "I kept hearing about how this pitcher couldn't pitch in Brooklyn, that pitcher couldn't pitch in Philadelphia and how somebody else was effective at home. One guy couldn't hit against a certain background and somebody else got a bellyache in Chicago. The hell with that. I want men. I want big leaguers, guys who grind and fight until somebody gives in, guys who can play every day under all kinds of conditions."

One of the arts in managing a modern major league baseball team over a long, crisis-ridden season is the art of patience—and patience is Hutchinson's paradox. The man of a short-fused temper has an amazing reservoir of restraint with young players and a deep compassion for ballplayers as a group. The answer may be that Hutchinson, who brought to baseball pitching no blazing natural equipment, understands the degree of difficulty baseball presents. Of the loud-talking grandstand critics, he has only contempt. "They've never been there," he says. "Never crossed those white lines. What do they know? Do they know what it's like to hit against Newcombe, or bunt against him with Hodges coming down your throat? Hell, anybody can play ball in a saloon."

If you will examine the *esprit de corps* of the Cardinals, it must be done among the men who play for Hutchinson. They dress a few yards away from the Busch Stadium executive offices, in a long, immaculate, blue-tiled dressing room, complete with a hi-fi record player. Musial sits in front of locker No. 6, sorting his usually large stack of mail. Dressing next to Musial is Del Ennis, a broad, heavy man who is built

THE GROWTH OF A PITCHER



HUTCH STARTS AS 5-YEAR-OLD CATCHER, PITCHES AT 6, STARS IN HIGH SCHOOL AT 14 AND

for all the world like one of Anheuser-Busch's famed Clydesdales. At one end of the narrow room a group of the younger players listen to some hillbilly songs the words composed by Catcher Hal Smith). At the other end is Doc Bauman's glistening white training room, where Sam Jones, the resurrected curve-ball artist, is getting a shoulder rub.

Musial, holding his box of mail across his bare legs, talks slowly, choosing his words carefully. "Essentially," he says, "this team will stand or fall on its young players. Hutchinson is patient with them, knows how to use them. You'll never hear him taking credit. He never does that. But he brings out the best in us, because everything's out on the table with him."

REAL HUMILITY

Musial paused, shuffled through his stack of mail for perhaps 30 seconds, then added: "Let's put it this way: If I ever hear a player say he can't play for Hutch, then I'll know he can't play for anybody."

Doc Bauman, who has trained both the Browns and the Cardinals, working under all types of managers, sat on the black-surfaced rubbing table. A sensitive, intelligent man, Bauman spoke with emotion.

"I'd have to go far back in my memory to recall a finer man. I've seen him leave the clubhouse for a few minutes and stop to ask the clubhouse boy if he could bring back a sandwich. He's got real humility.

"Some of these guys—and I've seen them—they get to be a manager and right away they have to prove they're big men. They're quick to take credit for anything good a ballplayer does. But Hutch never does that, and these players respect him for it. He goes right on being himself, same to everybody, because he *is* a big man. I don't know how to say it"—Bauman shook his head—"he's humble, he's kind, he's strict and he's tough. He's all these things in one man."

Out on the bench Alvin Dark, 41 years old, sat slouched, staring out across the diamond at the socko-red-and-green grandstand of Busch Stadium and spoke with his soft Louisiana drawl.

"I saw where the front office blasted him for taking me out of that game in Brooklyn," Dark said. He held up the forefinger of his throwing hand, which had a piece of tape glued over the nail. "I had this bad finger. It was the only time I ever asked to be taken out of a game in my life. So he got blasted for taking me out. But he never once opened his mouth to explain. That's the kind of a man he is."

Hutch looks deep into a player to decide those who deserve his patience. "There's no secret to it," he once said. "A man is what he is, way back. I don't mean when he's 18 or 19, but long before that. It's deep in his makeup and nobody is going to do much about changing it."

Fred Hutchinson, 38, is his own best example. His high school coach, Ralph "Pop" Reed, remembers the way he stood on the Emerson grade school playfield, in Seattle, his catcher's mask pushed back over a shock of curly red hair, his face twisted in thin-lipped anger, eyes narrowed, arguing with an umpire. He was only 10 years old. "When I saw him stand up and have it out with an adult umpire," says Pop Reed, "I knew that here was a real competitor. The thing that impressed me was that he wasn't just shooting off his mouth. He was right and he knew it, and he had courage enough to say what he thought. He was already a tough, thinking ballplayer."

Hutchinson is the youngest son of a prominent Seattle family which settled in the Rainier Beach district near Lake Washington. His father, Dr. J. L. Hutchinson, who died a few years ago, was a prominent physician and surgeon. His oldest brother, Dr. William B. Hutchinson, is one of Seattle's leading chest and abdominal surgeons. Middle brother John is a full professor of physical education at Columbia University. Both of Fred's older brothers had a brief fling at professional baseball and they decided, even when Fred was tiny, that he would be the best athlete in the Hutchinson family.

Together they would stand Fred up against a garage door and fire tennis balls at him, taught him how to hit left-handed with a broomstick. They worked on him by the hour, coached him incessantly and, by his freshman year at Franklin High School, when he first reported to Pop Reed, he had the

continued







THEN AMERICAN LEGION BALL A FEW YEARS LATER. HE JOINS SEATTLE AT 18 AND NEARS END OF ACTIVE CAREER WITH TIGERS AT 32

FRED HUTCHINSON

cont'd

poise of a veteran. In his sophomore year, Hutch turned to pitching. Immensely strong as a youngster, Fred could almost lose a baseball in his huge hand, yet he never became an overpowering pitcher. His chief weapons were amazing control, a natural sinker, a short, choppy curve and a thoroughly domesticated change-of-pace. Those were his weapons, plus fine baseball instinct and a consuming desire to win.

Pop Reed, an acutely perceptive man, who now lives in semiretirement in Long Beach, Calif., still keeps in close touch with professional baseball. Says Reed: "If baseball wasn't a competitive sport—if it was just something you did for exercise—I don't think Fred would be interested in it. Looking back on it, I think he may very well be the greatest competitor baseball has ever produced."

In three years as a schoolboy pitcher, Hutchinson won 60 games, lost only two, yet major league scouts, almost to a man, shied away from his mediocre fast ball and wrinkly curve. The Seattle Rainiers, newly renovated under wealthy brewer Emil Sick, signed Hutchinson for $2,500 and 20% of any sales price that might result with a big league club.

It developed into one of baseball's most celebrated deals. As an 18-year-old in 1938, Hutch won 25 games for Seattle. Ball parks were jammed with fans, curious to watch this calm, deadfaced youngster deftly handle the league's best hitters with his uncanny control. The inevitable clubhouse lawyers, attuned to the big crowds, urged Hutch to demand an increase over his $250-a-month salary. But Fred's father, the distinguished, goateed Dr. Hutchinson, got wind of the move. "By the Lord, you're a Hutchinson!" he thundered. "You made a bargain and you'll stick to it—or you can pack up and move out right now." Hutch stuck with the bargain, and when the season was over he was named the league's Most Valuable Player by the St. Louis *Sporting News*.

That winter Hutch was sold to Detroit in a deal worth $100,000 to the Rainiers ($20,000 to Hutch). Hutch's entry into the major leagues was no instant success.

Big league hitters gleefully hammered his limited pitching stuff. Almost instantly, he was branded a "$100,000 lemon." Indeed, Hutch spent two more seasons in the minors, at Toledo, then Buffalo, where he won 26 games in 1941), with only brief periods at Detroit before entering the Navy for a four-year term in 1941. It was only in the postwar baseball years that he became established as a big league pitcher. He became a steady winner, but worked in the elegant shadow of such Detroit greats as Hal Newhouser and Dizzy Trout. But Hutch's intense combativeness and accomplished pinch hitting made him a favorite among Detroit fans. His displays of temper became legendary in the American League. "I always know how Hutch did when we follow Detroit into a town," cracked Yankee Catcher Yogi Berra. "If we got stools in the dressing room, I know he won. If we got kindling, he lost."

His clashes with umpires were frequent. Once, after he was tossed out of a game by Umpire Bill McKinley, reporters sought him out in the Briggs Stadium dressing room. "You can say for me," Hutch growled, "that they shot the wrong McKinley." His manager for several years was Steve O'Neill, a man he still worships, and from whom, one gathers, he learned the virtue of patience with young players. "If I needed one game on which my whole season was based," O'Neill used to say, "if my career depended on that single victory, I'd pick Hutch to pitch it for me."

Detroit players elected Hutchinson player representative in 1947; a year later he became the American League representative, a post he held until midseason of 1952, when Walter O. Spike Briggs, the Detroit president, picked him out of the ranks to succeed Red Rolfe as manager. In 2½ years as boss of the Tigers he moved the club from last to sixth to a single game out of first division. Then, in a typically stubborn Hutchinson gesture, he quit his $40,000-a-year job. Long aware that he wasn't being consulted on player deals or inner council planning, Hutchinson demanded a two-year contract.

A few days later, after a meeting of the Detroit board of directors, Briggs telephoned Hutchinson at his home. "It's a club policy," he said. "One year is all we can do."

"Then I'm turning it down," Hutch replied.

At less than half his Detroit salary, Hutchinson went back to Seattle, where he signed a three-year contract to manage Emil Sick's Rainiers. His old high school teammate and close friend, Dewey Soriano, by now was general manager of the Rainiers. Together they ripped apart a fifth-place roster, made 67 separate player deals and turned out a winner. Without a regular .300 hitter or a 20-game winning pitcher, Hutchinson juggled his lineup almost daily (he used eight second basemen during the season) and finished in front of second-place San Diego by three games. Pacific Coast League baseball writers elected him Manager of the Year.

One of Hutch's spot-winners on the Rainiers, Old Pro Larry Jansen, paid his manager a pitcher's definitive baseball tribute: "I never saw a better man with pitchers. Hutch saved half a dozen games by moving his pitchers at the right time. He was almost psychic."

Frank Lane, meanwhile, had taken over as general manager of the Cardinals, who had steadily declined from third to sixth to seventh in three years of Gussie Busch's ownership. "I knew we were going to have to build with

continued on page 50



NEW CAREERS *(left to right)* Hutchinson entered Navy for four years in 1941 and, surrounded by old friends Pop Reed *(left)* and Emil Sick *(right)*, signed to manage Seattle in 1955.



The most functionally perfect shaving instrument ever designed . . . so precisely engineered it's guaranteed for life!*

Now, a razor that embodies every modern principle of shaving comfort. The only razor that lets you enjoy the ease of light-touch shaving . . . no matter how tough your beard. You shave close and clean, but you shave your whiskers *not* your face. Compare these advanced shaving features with the razor you're now using: **1.** Safe, automatic blade changing. Your fingers never touch the blade. **2.** Blades automatically lock in precise cutting position. Nothing to turn, twist or adjust. **3.** Scientifically measured blade angle. Skims whiskers closer, cleaner. **4.** Horizontal, whisker-grip guide bar. Pops-up stubble even in tough-to-get-at spots. **5.** Super-rigid shaving head. Formed to fit the contour of your face. **6.** Grooved handle won't slip when moist. **7.** Your choice of two handsome models. The new Long Handle or the new Classic Handle. **We guarantee that if your Eversharp-Schick Injector Razor ever fails to function satisfactorily, as long as you live, we will repair or replace it with a new razor, without charge. Just send it to: Eversharp, Inc., 929 Connecticut Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.*

Complete kit with razor, 12 scalpel-sharp blades, travel case just **$1.**



HUDDLED IN COCKPIT OF ROLLS-ROYCE-POWERED 'MISS THRIFTWAY,' BILL MUNCEY SURGES TO GOLD CUP WIN IN WASHINGTON

ONE FOR THE ROLLS

An alltime great among drivers reads into 'Miss Thriftway's' triumph a victory for solid power over 'souped-up, hot rod engines'

by LOU FAGEOL

TO MOST of the people who saw Willard Rhodes's boat *Miss Thriftway* (above) successfully defend her title in the Gold Cup at Seattle, the victory was one more score for Seattle in the bitter hydroplane rivalry with Detroit. But for me *Miss Thriftway's* record-setting performance was more a token of victory in my long struggle to prove that the Rolls-Royce engine is superior to the Allison as a power plant for today's incredibly fast unlimited speedboats.

The late Stan Sayres and I were the first to put a Rolls-Royce in a hydro when we tried one in the old *Slo-Mo-Shun V* (SI, Aug. 12). We won the 1954 Gold Cup with it. But even after that a lot of people still argued for the Allisons. And I'll admit the arguments looked awfully strong three weeks ago when Bill Boeing's Allison-powered *Miss Wahoo* beat four Rolls-Royce boats at Lake Tahoe. As far as I'm concerned, however, *Miss Thriftway*'s triumph in this last Gold Cup was the solid clincher for the Rolls.

Before the Gold Cup began I put my money on two Rolls boats. One was *Thriftway*, driven by the daring but intelligent Bill Muncey. The other was *Hawaii Kai III*, operated by the old Sayres *Slo-Mo* crew and driven by Jack Regas. The Allison boats I was betting against were W. T. (Bill) Waggoner's two splendid hydros *Shanty I* and *Maverick*. As it turned out, the race was a clear test between the two types of engines.

By the running of the final heat, *Thriftway*'s point advantage was almost unassailable. She went into the final heat with 800 points, against 700 for *Shanty I*. But, in addition, she had only to finish within two minutes of *Shanty I* to gain 400 bonus points for fastest total elapsed time.

As the finalists bore down on the starter's clock, *Hawaii Kai* (its engine replaced and out to make a show) led the pack with a tremendous burst of acceleration. Close behind were *Maverick*, *Breathless II* and *Gale V*. Muncey brought *Thriftway* up from the outside—a perfect tactical position, beyond the dangerous spray that could wash him out of almost certain victory.

In an instant, the race was all but over. Colonel Russ Schleeh, the courageous, course-wise driver of *Shanty I*, made a fatal error in coming up on the inside. *Kaz*, *Maverick*, *Breathless*, *Gale* and *Thriftway* forced Schleeh to turn inside the No. 3 buoy to avoid a crash. According to Gold Cup rules, the colonel had to circle the buoy before giving lonely chase from far behind. And with that, his only chance of victory—a record-breaking heat for 400 bonus points—had vanished.

At this point, Muncey could have finished last and won. However, he allowed himself to become involved in a personal duel with Driver Roy Duby of *Gale V* for third place. His early lap times of 102-103 miles per hour were very much faster than he needed. They were, in fact, fast enough to cause disastrous engine failure.

Hawaii Kai, almost contemptuous in its lost cause, set a blazing pace as the front runner for nine laps, then dropped out. This was the near tragedy of the day. With a ruptured gas tank

and fuel spilling throughout the boat, Regas kept up his torrid pace until engine failure mercifully took him out of the race. Some half-million spectators were unaware that Jack Regas was riding a time bomb. He alone must explain why he did it.

Muncey brought *Miss Thriftway* home in second place, with a heat speed of 98.137, a short distance back of *Maverick*, but well ahead of *Shanty I*, which gamely fought from seventh to third under the determined foot of Colonel Russ Schleeh. *Short Circuit*, the former *Tempo VII*) finished a poor fourth, followed by *Breathless II*, and far back was *Gale V*.

Speed, ever-increasing speed, marked the 50th Gold Cup run over the three-mile course. *Miss Thriftway* set a new mark for the 90-mile run of 101.979 miles per hour. Mira Slovak, the steady but opportunistic driver of Bill Boeing's *Miss Wahoo*, traveled the fastest lap in all heats at 113.804, with *Hawaii Kai* only a few boat-lengths behind, with 113.089. The newly raised qualifying time of 95 miles per hour proved no barrier to the 15 boats. *Miss Wahoo*, Maverick and *Hawaii Kai* all qualified over 110 miles per hour, *Maverick* at 117.054.

By a postrace Gold Cup ruling last week, hydroplane officials ruled out complete engine changes in one-day races. This is an obvious move in the right direction, to prevent affluent owners from beating down their opposition with spare engines, spare parts and unlimited resources. The ruling strengthens my belief that the Rolls-Royce engine, with its superior staying power, will replace the souped-up Allisons now in use. The ruling clearly is a return to the original Gold Cup concept, that boat and engine must go the full 90 miles. It is a constructive move against merely bolting "hot rod" engines together for the purpose of winning a single heat.

Miss Thriftway won her Gold Cup with the same Rolls-Royce engine that went 90 miles at Lake Tahoe only three weeks before. Both *Maverick* and *Shanty I*, to take opposite examples, underwent complete engine changes before the final Gold Cup heat. So did several other Allison-powered contenders. The "hot" fuels used in these engines, involving mixtures of nitromethane and alcohol, result in a dreadful and expensive engine attrition, not to mention the danger of a tragic fire or explosion. I can foresee a time, not distant, when the drivers themselves will force on conservative owners a change to the Rolls-Royce engine. Bill Boeing, in spite of his victory at Tahoe, plans to replace his Allisons with Rolls-Royces in the near future. And it certainly is no secret that Russ Schleeh and Bill Stead, Waggoner's two drivers, have put him on notice that if he wants to win future races, he will have to put more power under their feet. As yet Waggoner hasn't shown any signs of wanting to change engines. But his only alternative is to dream up another way of getting more power out of the Allison engine. If he manages to do that, he will have solved quite a problem. END

GOLD CUP RESULTS

Boat	Home City	Driver	Total Elapsed Time	Average Speed	Total Points
MISS THRIFTWAY	SEATTLE	BILL MUNCEY	52:09.5	101.979	1,500
SHANTY I	SEATTLE	RUSS SCHLEEH	55:28.6	97.678	925
MAVERICK	SEATTLE	BILL STEAD	58:34.5	92.552	869
BREATHLESS II	LAKE TAHOE	JAY MURPHY	59:13.3	91.334	652
SHORT CIRCUIT	DETROIT	CHUCK THOMPSON	59.44.1	90.845	639
GALE V	DETROIT	BILL CANTRELL LEE SCHOENITH ROY DUBY	60:54.1	89.194	620

DID NOT FINISH: Hawaii Kai III, 400; Miss Wahoo, 400; Miss U.S. I, 352; Such Crust III, 338, Miss Rocket, 225; Miss Bardahl, 225; Thriftway Too, Gale VI, Miss Seattle, no points.

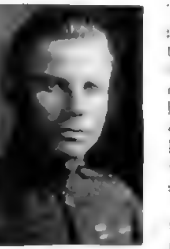
New Gold Cup Records

LAP (3 miles): Miss Wahoo, Mira Slovak driver, heat 1A, fourth lap, 113.804 mph.

HEAT (30 miles): Hawaii Kai III, Jack Regas driver, heat 1C, 109.823 mph.

RACE (90 miles): Miss Thriftway, Bill Muncey driver, 101.979 mph.

A bullet for Charlemagne



The thickset Cuco general got slowly to his feet. Behind him, in the darkness, stood an ugly backdrop of a hundred Haitian outlaws. At his feet, a woman stirred a small fire.

Confronting him, the tattered young man in blackface disguise saw the fire gleam on his white silk shirt and pearl handled pistol and knew this was the murderous chieftain, Charlemagne Masena Peralte. The man he'd come for, through a jungle and a 1200-man encampment, past six hostile outposts, risking detection and certain death.

Charlemagne squinted across the fire. "Who is it?" he challenged in Creole.

There was no alternative. Marine Sergeant Herman Hanneken dropped his disguise, drew an automatic, and fired.

The night exploded into gunflame most of it from Hanneken's second-in-command, Marine Corporal Button, and his handful of disguised Haitian gendarmes. But the shot that killed Charlemagne was the one which would finally end Cuco terror and bring peace to Haiti.

Sergeant Hanneken is retired now as Brigadier General Hanneken, USMC, with a Silver Star for Guadalcanal, a Legion of Merit for Peleliu, a Bronze Star for Cape Gloucester, a Gold Star, and a Navy Cross. And for his incredible expedition against Charlemagne, November 1, 1919, the Medal of Honor.

The Herman Hannekens are a rare breed, it is true. Yet in all Americans there is much of the courage and character which they possess in such unusual abundance. Richer than gold, greater, even, than our material resources, it is the *living* wealth behind one of the world's soundest investments: United States Savings Bonds. It backs our country's guarantee: safety of principal up to any amount and an assured rate of return. For real security, buy Bonds!

Now Savings Bonds are better than ever! Every Series E Bond purchased since February 1, 1957, pays 3% interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the extra years than ever before, and matures in only 8 years and 11 months. Hold your *old* E Bonds, too. They earn more as they get older.

SAFE AS AMERICA . . . U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertising. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.



A TINY SPA. Duino is one of lesser known but no less rewarding small resort towns along Adriatic's curving northern shoreline.

A SEA OF BEAUTY

Marked by many nations, the Adriatic offers everything from peace to Putnik

by HORACE SUTTON
Photographs by JERRY COOKE

IT MIGHT WELL BE that the department stores back home were already loading their windows with back-to-school clothes, but to any American abroad in the flossier reaches of the Adriatic, a sea that provides a balm to Communists and capitalists alike, it was clear last week that the season was just reaching its heady height. If, in the small resorts from Rimini (capitalistic), clear around the hairpin curve of the Adriatic to Dubrovnik (Communist), there was a traveler (fellow or pleasure) who countenanced a thought about turning at last for home, nobody was mentioning it with much enthusiasm.

In Venice, at the head of the historic sea, looking down the long watery alley bordered by eastern Italy, Dalmatian Yugoslavia and the forbidden half acre of Albania, the bars bubbled like Babel, the beach bristled with the *haut monde* like some Maxwellian salon that Elsa suddenly unroofed, and each arriving gondola fetched another astral body to help illuminate the annual film festival of Venice, soon to begin.

While Venice creaked under the tread of the tourists down from Germany with their knapsacks, over from France in their khaki shorts, across from Britain in their blue blazers, the international set was sequestered out on the Lido, a sequined sand bar some 15 minutes by speedboat from the ancient quays downtown. By all odds one of Europe's most elegant watering places, the Lido is a narrow shoal some five miles long and a mile wide. About half of the island is beach, a vast flatland of sand anywhere from a hundred to 300 yards wide, planted with over a thousand cabanas.

High society's hive is the Excelsior Lido, a Moorish extravaganza built in 1908, many times modernized and operated now with crisp efficiency and exquisite service by the Compagnia Italiano dei Grandi Alberghi, an association that also owns the Excelsiors in Rome and Naples, the Royal Danieli and the Gritti Palace in Venice, among a long list of other Italian inns. The Excelsior offers 400

text continued on page 43

DUBROVNIK'S MASSIVE WALLS, mellowed by centuries, are today a theatrical backdrop for a jewel-like beach, enclose a city which has survived almost unchanged from medieval times.



ON VENICE LIDO Countess Marina Volpi Luling *(hat, dark glasses)* chats with Barbara Hutton and Baron Gottfried von Cramm. Group also includes *(from left)* Marquis Boro Roi, Duke di Verdura, M. Luling-Buscheto and *(back to camera)* Dancer Serge Lifar.



GOLF ON LIDO is played on a nine-hole course parallel with water's edge. On three holes, players shoot across the canal inlet from Lagoon of Venice.







DINGHY IN DALMATIA heads across the clear, blue waters of Adriatic harbor toward the ancient island town of Hvar (its Italian name: Lesina). Annexed to Yugoslavia after World War I, the cosmopolitan community is lush with grape arbors and dotted with refreshing groves of olive, fig and date trees.



SEA OF BEAUTY

continued

rooms, all with bath, and guests pay about $15 a day, with multicourse Italian meals included.

The Lido, which gave the world the word *lido*, meaning beach, and first introduced beach pajamas (at a fashion show in 1925), also claims the origin of the film festival, a celluloid clambake said to have been begun by one Count Volpi, Mussolini's minister of finance, in 1934. Venice had sponsored art shows since the '90s, but Volpi (and Venice) claim to have been the first to consider films as an art form. After all, it was a daring, pioneering idea, considering that the artful era of Jayne Mansfield and Tab Hunter was still more than 20 years away. At any rate, the annual festival, which is held in a theater on the Lido that is dark for the rest of the year, brought such glamorous beachcombers as Dietrich, Doug Fairbanks I and Mary Pickford. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were here during part of their 1937 honeymoon, and once the war was over and the film festival on again in full force, the Lido ran a Hollywood gamut that stretched from Ameche to Zanuck.

A much quieter edition of a seaside spa, the Grand Hotel des Bains, under the same management, is in business just down the beach, catering mostly to vacationing Italian families. An avenue of lavender-hued *brillanteni* leads to the sea, and there are *moscone*, or rowboats with pontoons, in which the adventurous can row out to the Tódaro, a floating fish restaurant that anchors off the hotel's beach. Antique victorias pulled by straw-hatted horses take Lido lollers on exploring tours of the tiny island village, a settlement of shade trees, flower boxes and small cafes. And tucked away between the villas are *trattorias* where dinner is a dollar and the roof is an awning of honeysuckle and wisteria. In the afternoon, lovers woo on the benches under the acacias in the Excelsior's gardens. Sportsmen play golf at the Venice Golf Club built on top of the Alberoni Fortress, a bastion for the defense of Venice, first constructed in 1648. Luncheon is served in the powder magazine in the scented shadow of a trellis where grapevines grow. The first tee adjoins a fortress lookout post and the view stretches out to Malamucco harbor.

Across the top of the Adriatic there is a good beach at the Lido di Iesolo, popular with the Swedes and the Swiss; and another at Grado, a favorite with the Swiss and the Germans and also with the Austrians, whose waterworks it once was. Iesolo is 20 miles eastward of Venice and its white beach dips so gently into the sea that there is a good 100 yards for shallow bathing. Grado, tucked up in the corner, two hours by boat from Trieste, sits in the sea on a long arm that reaches out from Cervignano. A mere 75 miles from the Austrian frontier, Grado does business in a variety of languages, but its shopkeepers advertise on the sails of boats moored offshore with nautical signs that say, "*Alles für den Strand.*" The strange mixtures of visiting clientele and changing nationality have produced such triple-tongued gems as the Hotel des Bains e Zipser.



A DISTINGUISHED SWIMMER. Duke of Windsor seeks out his cabana at the Lido.

While a few Americans explore resorts like Grado, a room with private bath in the Grand Hotel Esplanade would come to about $6.25 a day, all meals included, about $5 without bath. An establishment of some 40 rooms, the Grand bestrides the sand bar between the Adriatic and a lagoon. Meals are served on the open terrace looking out to the sea. And on the islands in the lagoon there are thatched-roof huts of fishermen who venture forth with the dark to coax *calamari* and *branzin* from the blue basins of the Adriatic.

From here to Trieste and beyond into Yugoslavia, the shoreline is dotted with tiny spas to be explored by yacht or by car. Duino, first of them in the narrow neck that was the Free Territory of Trieste, has just two hotels which, together, have room for 40. One is the Cavaluccio Marino, or Hotel of the Small Seahorses; the other is called the Dama Bianca, the Hotel of the White Lady, because it refers to an involved legend about a haunted castle that lies in crumpled white splendor on the hilltop.

Sistiana is owned by the Prince Torre e Tasso, and during the occupation of Trieste, the British commanding general lived in the prince's castle and American forces occupied the Parco Hotel by the sea. Under the sheer rock cliffs that rise above the bay, campers pitch their tents now. Great horse chestnut trees sit at the very edge of the water like green umbrellas waiting to shade a bather. Cafe tables are cool under the pines. Sailboats dawdle under the indolent breeze, dahlias grow to giant size in the yellow sun, cacti are green stoics in earthenware jugs steeping in the heat, and out in the water there are kayak paddlers to tickle the surface of the Adriatic, and the churning boats that come twice a day from Trieste.

Having been embroiled in a lengthy argument as to whether they would live henceforth under Italian rule or Yugoslavian, the people of Trieste, after nine years of Allied occupation, give every indication that what they would like to be is American. "Americans were here so long," a Trieste citizen explained to me, "now when people get married we tie things to the back of the car."

Not only that. Trieste youths wear bright-colored shirts that would ordinarily horrify a European. They chew gum and stroll about in T-shirts and blue jeans known there as *calzoni alla cowboy*, or cowboy pants. Barbershops give crew-cuts, and there are four baseball teams in town—the Giants, the Wolves, the Piraty and the CUS (for Cicolo Università Studente).

Trieste is hardly a pleasure city, since its harbor has long been the gateway for goods shuttling between India, the Orient and Central Europe. With the departure of the troops several good hotels have once more become available, among them the Excelsior, the de Ville, the new Jolly and the impeccable Grand. Prices everywhere are at least 10% less than in Venice, and dinner on the terrace of the Grand facing the marina, complete with tip and bottle of wine, comes to an even $2.

continued

ON RIMINI'S BEACH a watery swing adds an extra fillip to swimming joys. Here Italy's middle class comes in droves to crowd the hotels, cottages and *pensioni*.

SEA OF BEAUTY

continued

After 6 each evening the traffic is shut off on the Viale Venti Settembre, and with the cafes on either side of the street it becomes one long, tree-shaded coffeehouse that stretches for two kilometers and ends, somewhat inelegantly, at a beer factory.

Trieste grew first along the sides of San Giusto Hill, the top of which later became a fortress against the Turks. It was a part of the Venetian Republic when Napoleon torpedoed that nautical nation. Trieste was awarded to Austria, which lost it in 1918 to the Italians. The Germans occupied it from 1943 until 1945, when it lived for 40 days under Tito. Six thousand five hundred U.S. and British troops maintained it as the Free Territory of Trieste, thereafter, and in October 1954 it returned at last to Italy. With the Turks now quiet, the Germans vanquished, the Austrians docile and nobody except the Yugoslavs aggrieved, the Trieste citizens, who speak both Italian and a brand of Venetian dialect, have turned the fortress into a park. They course up the San Giusto Hill to have coffee in the coffeehouse of the Bastone Rotundo and to dance in the elegance of the Bastone Fiorito. Ten thousand strong they storm the bastion to hear opera sung on the ancient ramparts.

Twice a week the boat comes over from Venice. Three times a week it invades Yugoslav waters, arriving at Pula in three hours and at Rijeka in six. Once a week it goes on to Split and Dubrovnik. Yugoslavia begins on the opposite side of the Trieste bulge, an enclave shouldered by the sea and the border, five miles wide at its widest and in the north squeezed into a scant 200-yard passageway that links it with the rest of Italy.

TITO'S touristland, once the only Communist country on western view, is a collection of magnificent, rugged scenes, ragtag resorts, 8% tips, $4-a-day vacations, large western-style dance bands that play pretty good jazz and a western-style pop called Jugo-Kokta, a beverage invented in paradise and bottled by the state soda works.

A traveler in Titoland is known as a *putnik*, which is also the name given to travel agencies all over Yugoslavia. A visa is still needed to enter, but these are obtainable at Yugoslav consulates after paying $1 and filling out a questionnaire, called an *upitnik*. From there on one becomes a *putnik* and the Putniks take over.

Yugoslavia's coastline, from Trieste down to the edge of Albania, a skinny satellite known in the local tongue as Shqiperija, is advertised by Putnik as the Coast of 1,000 Islands. There being no natural ports on the west shore from Venice to Brindisi with the exception, perhaps, of Ancona, the Coast of 1,000 Islands has long been bandied about between such authorities as Venice, Croatia, Hungary and Napoleon. Under Napoleonic dictates the shore passed to Austria and stayed that way for a century. There was a scramble for a reassessment of ownership again in the first World War with claims from Italy and strident independent voices from Serbians whose aim was to liberate and unite "our beloved brothers, the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes." In the end, what was Austrian passed to Italy for the period between the two world wars, and the Serbian aim, voiced in 1914, won out with the final peace after World War II.

Names that had been Austrian and then Italian were changed to fit the new nationalism. Unfortunately, Slovenian suffers from a queer economy of vowels, and western tourists have been somewhat confounded to be directed from Trst (Trieste) to the island of Krk or the village of Knin, which lies on the south bank of the Krka, not very far from Drvar. The seaside place the Italians remember as Abbazia has become Opatija, the hot spot which history will recall as Fiume is now Rijeka, Spalato is Split, and far to the south, that storied medieval stronghold, Ragusa, flourishes under the name of Dubrovnik.

The Yugoslavs did not change the name of Italy's best resort, the islands of Brioni, when this subtropical archipelago, with the rest of the east Adriatic coastline, passed to Tito's control after World War II. A prewar Baedeker listed five hotels on Brioni with 370 rooms, 20 of them with private bath, and available in that era at anywhere from $2.50 to $7 a day, meals included. From May to November there was bathing on a sandy beach seven minutes from the hotel, golf on an 18-hole course, six tennis courts, two polo fields and 100 bicycles to rent for excursions amid the palm and bamboo groves. Today, the existence of these prewar amenities is neither confirmed nor denied by Putnik. One thing is sure, *putniks* are prohibited. Brioni has been adopted, beach, bicycles and bamboo groves, as the private domain of J. Broz Tito.

What is left for the tourist and the traveling Titoist are the coastal resorts of the Istrian peninsula, that arrowhead growing between Trieste and Rijeka. Portoroz (alias Portorose) is advertised as "the gem of Slovene Istria," but I fear that it is no gem, nor its Palace Hotel a palace. There is a garden of cedar trees and a terrace by the sea, and there are schooners to hire for trips down the coast, and motorboats that make regular excursions to Koper, nine miles away, which may be remembered as Capo d'Istria.

Nostalgic Austrians, a few Scandinavians and a smattering of English come to Porec down the coast, where the Riviera Hotel offers 76 rooms, 12 of them with private bath, at $4 a day with full board. There is an outdoor cafe shaped by palms, where you can pause and refresh with a Jugo-Kokta. The ruins of a Roman temple of Jupiter look to the bay, there is a small beach behind the Riviera, where the landlocked Austrians find the sea, and out in the harbor is the unpeopled island of St. Nicholas, where the Riviera runs two annexes with room for 80 visitors who like the simple life.

It is somewhat startling to come at last to Opatija and find Jaguars and Mercedes-Benzes pulled up in front of the hotels. In the hotel dining rooms tail-coated waiters pop open bottles of Traminec (Traminer) and Rizling (Riesling), all home-grown. The Yugoslavs make their own bottled water, too, known as Tri Srca, or Three Hearts, but it is no more palatable than it is pronounceable, and I would advise the vulnerable to bring their own from Italy or brush their teeth with Rizling.

Here, on the Kvarner Riviera, Kvarner shrimps, or *skampi*, are the speciality, as well as oysters, mussels, lobsters and Adriatic eels. After dinner, the huge terrace of the Kvarner Hotel fills with a mélange of Swedes, Belgians, Germans and Austrians, who sip sweet Yugoslav maraschino with a glass of soda on the side, local Benedictine made without the help of a monk, and *slivovica*, a high explosive distilled from plums. An American-style dance band plays *All of Me* and *Bye Bye Baby* in the Glenn Miller style, while the conglomerate *confrérie* pushes about on the crowded floor. Toward the sea are the lights of Rijeka, nee Fiume, which Gabriele d'Annunzio captured for Italy in an outburst of patriotic outrage in 1921. *I Can't Give You Anything But Love* wail the Yugoslav saxophones playing American jazz so the Germans can shuffle, and out on the

sea the night fishermen, dazzling the mackerel, make a highway of lights across the black Adriatic.

In the morning, coffee is served with blobs of whipped cream, a holdover from the Austrians. The artificial beach, screened from the sea's sharks by a steel net, fills quickly. Umbrellas bloom on the shelves of sand built above the boulders. Some hotels offer baths with warmed sea water. Ten kilometers down the road, past Tito's Villa Istranka, which he can use if a Brionic boredom sets in, is the long, curving rock beach of Medveja. Cars and tents are pulled up by the strand and bathers change behind the doubtful privacy of hanging fish nets. Beer-barreled Teutons float in the water, ladies under parasols sit offshore in rowboats, the steamboat to Rijeka puffs black smoke on the horizon, passing the wide-prow, sloped-masted sailing freighter that plies the Istrian trade.

But the real gem of the Yugoslav Adriatic is not in Istria at all, but in Dalmatia, far to the south. It is Dubrovnik, the ancient, walled city by the sea that lived for 1,000 years as an independent republic, guaranteeing civil rights in the 13th century, abolishing slavery in the 15th century, building public schools and turning out astronomers, doctors and writers whose plays are still given, often on the very castle walls on which their scenes were laid long ago. In the 1500s its ships were a hundred score, ranging far from the Adriatic up into the North Sea, carrying textiles, bells and cannon, and locks made by those Ragusans who stayed home.



A COVE AT OPATIJA, one of Yugoslavia's swankier resorts, offers fortunate bathers choice of skin-diving among rocks, kayak-paddling or just plain swimming in the translucent sea.

Aside from renaming Ragusa Dubrovnik, the Yugoslavs have left the place untampered, and visitors who fly from Rome or take the 24-hour boat trip down from Venice still find a medieval city stopped in time. If orange blossoms now bloom in the moat once designed to keep out the Turks and the Venetians, the Placa, the ancient shopping street, seems quite the same as it must have been in its salad days, even though the local citizenry apologizes for the fact that it had to be rebuilt after the earthquake—in 1520. A Gothic arch frames every plate-glass window and not a sign hangs outside. The state-owned stores sell Serbian cigaret boxes of inlaid cherrywood, filigree silver jewelry and flutes edged with gingerbread trimmings; but their cigaret holders, long, slender, carved and colorful, will not take an American-sized cigaret. Europe's oldest drugstore is still operated by the Franciscans who first opened it in 1317, but the monk is now an employee of the new social democracy.

The state's hotels, especially the Argentina and the Imperial, are the best I have seen in Yugoslavia, and the Excelsior would be a delight anywhere. Diners in summer sit on a canopy-covered, oleander-decked terrace looking across the Adriatic to Lokrum Island, where Richard the Lionhearted, homeward bound from the Third Crusade, was supposed to have piled up his ship on the rocks. There is dancing in the garden at night, swimming in the sea by day, skin-diving for lobster across on Lokrum's rocks, and for anyone who wants lunch on the beach, the Excelsior maintains a seaside restaurant.

All summer long on the city's 17 natural stages, the Belgrade Opera has been filling the open air with Borodin, Mussorgsky, Verdi and Britten. Serbs, Croats and Macedonians have been exercising their folk dances and songs, and the dramatic presentations have included not only the works of the local talent, but those two popular performances, *Kraljevic Danski* and *San Letnje Noci*, otherwise known respectively as *Hamlet* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Soon the midsummer dream would end in medieval Dubrovnik. The Austrians would retreat again, homeward bound from Porec and Portoroz. Across the Adriatic it would end, too, along the Romagnese Riviera where the beach at Rimini stretches wide and flat for 15 miles and strange oblong sails flapping on sand-anchored masts are the local umbrella. And the Romagnese would spend the winter waiting for the tourists and eating *pappardelle*, which is a macaroni pie with giblets, and big *Comacchio* eels broiled with sage and laurel. Only in Venice would the party go on from now until mid-September. Then the astral bodies, the titled bodies and the bodies that were merely tan would at last depart and the hotel would play out the season at rates 40% reduced until the month was done. Then the battalions of waiters, the red-shirted lifeguards and Ricardo Zucchi himself would pack it all in until the sun came up again on the Adriatic. END

New Faces:

THE BRITISH WALKER CUP TEAM

by BERNARD DARWIN

You would think that there would be very little to be said for a competition so one-sided that in 15 matches one team captured no less than 14 of them. This in brief is the history of the Walker Cup, the biennial two-day meeting between the best American and the best British amateurs. What is more, in recent years the matches have seldom been close, the British team failing on each of the last four occasions to win more than three of the possible 12 points—four foursomes on the first day, eight singles on the second.. And yet, instead of drooping into a moribund affair, the Walker Cup has remained full of life and interest. How? Well, it is an international match and that always puts a wonderful keenness in the air. Beyond this, as anyone who attends the 16th Walker Cup match next week (August 30, 31) at the Minikahda Club in Minneapolis will experience, the series purveys a wonderful golfing flavor. And beyond this, the British through all their frustrations have never stopped hoping and trying.

Most American fans are fairly well acquainted with Charley Coe, the captain, and the 10 men selected for the 1957 American team: Rex Baxter, Arnold Blum, Joe Campbell, Bill Campbell, Bill Hyndman, Charley Kocsis, Billy Joe Patton, Hillman Robbins, Mason Rudolph and Dr. Frank Taylor. Since very few of the familiar British players are returning, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *has prevailed on Bernard Darwin to introduce the players on whom the long-suffering Britons are pinning the hopes for a revival of their golfing prestige.*—H.W.W.

WHATEVER befalls our British team at Minikahda next week, I think it left our shores generally approved by British golfers as the best we can do. It would be a very bold or a very ignorant golfer who would seriously criticize the result of such infinite painstaking on the part of the Selection Committee—the men who chose our squad. The miles they have traveled and the hours they have watched, the trouble they have taken to see anyone who might conceivably be good enough, fill me with admiration and, as a selector of an earlier generation, with shame. Moreover, they really have watched, and many a candidate may have found his opponent in a tournament far less alarming than the intense and fiery gaze of a selector imperfectly concealed in the crowd.

I emphasize this because I know that there is an impression among some Americans that players are chosen or rejected for our teams on foolish social grounds. In particular, a legend has grown up about one player, an old friend of mine, with whom I was a member in 1922 of the first British side that crossed the Atlantic. Some irresponsible chatterer wrote of this player that he was cold-shouldered by the rest of the side and never played golf again. The fact is, he has remained a friend of all of us who went with him; he was the most popular man on the team and was chosen to play the following cup match. If I labor this point now it is because I do want it understood that the 1957 British team, intrinsically



ALAN BUSSELL



MICHAEL BONALLACK



GUY WOLSTENHOLME



ALAN THIRLWELL

A. E. SHEPPERSON





D. SEWELL



P. F. SCRUTTON



R. REID JACK



J. B. CARR

F. W. G. DEIGHTON



good or bad, has been chosen strictly on golfing merit, without fear or favor. If I add that it contains for the first time a member of an artisan (or workingman's) club I hope I shall not be deemed snobbish in emphasizing it.

From the first the selection made it known that they would lay the accent on youth and this is a young side, younger, I fancy, than yours. In alphabetical order, the players are: Michael Bonallack (22 years old), Alan Bussell (20), J. B. (Joe) Carr (35), F. W. G. Deighton (30), R. Reid Jack (32), P. F. Scrutton (34), D. Sewell (27), A. E. Shepperson (21), Alan Thirlwell (28), Guy Wolstenholme (26).

I will begin with the four in their 30s—Joe Carr has for the last two years made a disappointingly swift exit from the championship which he won from Harvie Ward after a great match at Hoylake four years ago. Doubtless Carr can hit the ball at times very crooked; doubtless also he has fits of putting with his No. 3 iron, an instrument not well adapted to the purpose; but Carr has something of greatness, great power and a great heart. I can hardly think that the possibility of leaving him out was ever seriously considered. He is the kind of golfer with whom it is always worth taking a risk. This remark applies and with greater force to Philip Scrutton, the next in age. Two years ago he took the illustrious Billy Joe Patton to the 35th hole in the Walker Cup and in the Amateur Championship soon afterward destroyed him to the tune of 7 and 6. He has during the last few years had numerous successes and has been the most brilliant amateur score player we possess. Having ample time and means to pursue the game, he has done so with amazing assiduity. He has made various expeditions to America in search of golf learning and after his first visit returned with a reformed swing which certainly served him well. At the same time he has some of the defects of his qualities and is a golfer of moods and tenses, forever searching for some new, and to the common eye imperceptible, subtlety of method.

The third of the over-30s and one of our three Scots is the new Amateur Champion, Reid Jack. The final at Formby between him and our American friend, Sgt. Harold Ridgley, was a classic among finals. Reid Jack has been well known in Scotland for several years, but he made a great step forward at Troon last year when he beat Joe Conrad in a 36-hole match in the quarter-final of the Amateur. This year he looked like a winner from the start. He is rather light and slight, but with a hard, wiry core to him, for he can drive as far as the next man. He is a good iron player and putter; in fact he is sound all through. He has taken great pains to be fit, witness his training once a week in winter with a professional football team. By profession he is a stockbroker in Glasgow. I feel sure he will do well, and I much hope another Scotsman, Deighton, will do so. He is a hardworking doctor, also in Glasgow, and formerly was a moody player who did not seem to have sufficient belief in himself. Then last summer Raymond Oppenheimer apparently instilled that belief, for Deighton proceeded to win the Scottish Amateur Championship and give Max Faulkner a severe dressing by 6 and 5 in Amateurs vs. Professionals. At his best he can be very good.

THE IDEAL FOURSOME PLAYER

Now for Douglas Sewell, who is in many ways the most interesting member of this side, since he belongs to an artisan club, the Hook Heath Artisans who play their golf at Woking. Sewell works on the railway and is described as a railway signals wireman. Exactly what that is I do not know, but I do know that he is as admirable a person as he is a golfer, very modest and quiet, sure, I think, to be popular, the ideal foursome partner. He is what some of our invading Britons have not been, an extremely straight driver. Not long, but long enough and well adapted to American courses so often described as "tree lined." His style is simple and easy, the style of one brought up to golf as a boy; many, many years ago, incidentally, I used to play against his father, our assistant greenkeeper, for Woking against the Artisan Club. The one part of his game not so easy or elegant is his putting, and yet it is the strongest part. He uses a wooden putter with a notably bent steel shaft and with his arms rather far away from his body pushes the ball almost infallibly into the hole. He won the Brabazon Trophy, now called the English Score-Play Championship, by the length of the street with a score of 287 on a very narrow course.

Now come two ex-English champions: Thirlwell and Wolstenholme. Alan Thirlwell is a monument of a man, big, tall and heavy with a lovely swing—he won the English Championship in 1954 and 1955 and then after a falling off was left out of the Walker Cup side. I am glad to see him bob up again and if he putts well, all should

continued

be well, but it is admittedly an if. Wolstenholme, till just before the championship season began, would have been acclaimed the best player in Britain. When he finished with five 3s running to win the Gold Vase at Sunningdale there seemed no limit to his possibilities. Since then he has been just a little disappointing, and his long game can be crooked. But he has a very fine game in him and a fine swing, a stout heart and he gives his putts a chance.

I may take Bonallack and Sheppersson together since they were in the final of the Boys' Championship together in 1952. Bonallack is a born game player who has worked hard at his golf and won the Army Championship when in National Service, and various other things—I don't think we have seen the best of him yet, for he has a great natural strategy. Sheppersson duly succeeded Bonallack as Boys' champion and has since been a tower of strength to Oxford. Some people may think him lucky to be chosen because owing to his examinations at Oxford he could play in no leading events this summer, but to all who know his game well he had already given his proofs. In particular his play when he won the President's Putter of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society was testimony enough. This is a tournament that takes a lot of winning and is played in fierce January weather on a big seaside course, Rye, often in winter tempests. He is rather tall and thin and willowy and has plenty of power and I never knew one so young who appears so calm. I have great belief in him.

So I have in Alan Bussell, another Boys' champion, the baby of the team and the third Scotsman, though at the moment he plays chiefly on the same Nottingham course as does Sheppersson. In many ways I regard him as the first hope of British golf for he is a natural athlete as well as a fine golfer and he showed his courage in this year's championship semifinal when he harried and worried Reid Jack and though once 6 down only died at the 34th. I wish he drove a little straighter. When he does, let the others look out! And with him ends the list. I have no notion of their winning in America and least of all in August, but I shall be sad if they do not make a real fight for it and perhaps—who knows?—lay the foundation for a victory at home in 1959. END

THE LAST OF THE WOOSTERS

Two Wodehousian gentlemen from Berkshire have labored selflessly for many years to bring about a robust renaissance of British golf

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

WALKING the course at Minikahda next week, scanning the play of the British Walker Cup team with massive outward calmness but with a burning inner intensity unmatched by anyone else on the premises, will be two Englishmen—one, a hefty man in his middle 40s with crinkly ginger hair, a sailor's weatherbeaten complexion, very serious round eyes, and the habit of speaking in a waterfall of words; the other, a slightly older and slimmer fellow, silver overrunning his black hair just the way Perc Westmore would ordain it, the lean and studious face forever animated, the words easy, the gait indolently athletic. The sight of these two men walking a golf course together is by now an old and accustomed sight to British golfers. For the past two years, whenever and wherever amateur golf of any consequence has been played in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, frequently in areas never before penetrated by Oxford men, the duo has unfailingly been on hand to evaluate the countless thousands of shots struck by hundreds of players.

The younger member of the peripatetic pair is Gerald Micklem, Oxford '33, a playing member of four previous Walker Cup teams and captain of the 1957 team. The older is Raymond Oppenheimer, Oxford '28, captain of his university golf team then, captain of the British Walker Cup team in 1951, and presently Chairman of the Walker Cup Selection Committee. The immediate purpose of their travels, as is probably self-evident, was to observe every promising young amateur in the U.K.; their middle purpose, to select from these candidates the strongest possible team in order to make the 1957 match a real match; and their long-range purpose (in Micklem's words, "to try and inject into our golf some of the enthusiasm which has been so evident since the war in English track and cricket") to develop once again, in a vital atmosphere, golfers who can hold their own with anyone in the world.

Fortune has accorded both Micklem and Oppenheimer the time, the desire and the wherewithal to pursue this mission as few men could, and as such they are a remarkably interesting pair. Solid and energetic and intelligent they most certainly are, but they are more than this: they are the last of a breed, the true and final descendants of that long line of English town-and-country gentlemen, the huntin'-fishin'-shootin' squires of the 18th century and the Pickwick Club members of the 19th who emerged in this century most memorably in the pages of P. G. Wodehouse's wonderful stories. They are, in short, the last of the Bertie Woosters, that agreeable and happy species that lived in a sunlit world of long weekends, country places, London clubs, aunts and guardians (never parents), infallible butlers, carbonated conversation, and the old school friend smitten with some hopelessly lovely girl and requiring the help of a born strategist. The world moves inexorably on, times change, taxes spring out of the rosebushes by the tennis court, and where there once were hundreds of Britishers like Micklem and Oppenheimer who by position *could* and by inclination *did* approach life with a purposeful generosity of spirit, today the genuine Woosters are almost as extinct as the Marmon. It is a considerable loss, really.

ROOMS WITH A VIEW

Both Micklem and Oppenheimer are bachelors and live, quite simply for men of their means, in Berkshire, about an hour out of London to the west. Gerald Hugh Micklem, 46, the son of a merchant banker, has lived since 1952 in a modestly furnished six-room home called Titlarks Hill House. The four-acre garden behind the house commands, on a clear day, an uninterrupted

view over 15 miles of the most breathtaking English scenery. This garden, designed according to Micklem's directions, consists for the most part of lawn. No putting is permitted on it, but this regulation becomes understandable when you realize that the gate at the bottom of the garden opens onto the 16th hole of the Sunningdale (new) course. Business and an occasional party take Micklem into London, but he hates the city and hasn't slept there for five years.

Micklem makes it a daily habit to read, very thoroughly, *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Financial Times*, and at least one other newspaper. He does a little sporadic antique collecting and is a steady purchaser of the paintings of the well-known British artist, Edward Seago, who was invited by the Duke of Edinburgh to accompany him on his royal world tour. Whenever Seago has an exhibition Micklem attends and buys another painting. He presently owns seven. But far outdistancing any other interest of Micklem's is sport in general and golf, golf, golf, seven days a week of it the year round. Before the war he was a player of unmistakable talent who appeared to be too high-strung ever to get any place in big competition; in 1947, though there was no apparent change in his temperament, he began to win things of consequence, like the English Amateur. He attributes this success to "six years of responsibility" as a major in the Grenadier Guards during the war. (Micklem was wounded in the index finger of the right hand, and the fact that he played better after the injury than before supports, among other things, Hogan's thesis that you don't want this finger to get into the shot too much.) One of Micklem's best years was 1953 when he won the English Amateur for a second time and in the Walker Cup gave Gene Littler, who was playing brilliant golf at the time, a terrific match. This year Micklem's Walker Cup duties have held him down to about 120 rounds so far. He reads golf continually, is always watching it and conducts a voluminous golfing correspondence. Titlarks Hill House is always full of golfers. Francis Ouimet was the first guest there, and it has recently become virtually a free hotel for up-and-coming British golfers. Practically all of the present Walker Cup team have stayed there, practicing on the course below the garden and dining on the good plain food (like roast beef and apple pie) which their host prefers and considers right for athletes. A fairly shy man to begin with, Micklem becomes quite embarrassed when he is complimented on the quiet way he is helping British golf. "Well, I hope I'm helping," he replied on such an occasion not long ago. "I've been lucky all my life, and I like to share my luck with others."

Like Micklem, Raymond Harry Oppenheimer never goes to the theater or the movies if he can help it and, except when there is a good sports attraction or a good party, avoids London as if it were Liverpool. He lives in Maidenhead in a medium-size Georgian manor house called White Waltham Place, the heart of a 300-acre estate which he inherited from his father. His mother, who is still alive, is a caricaturist and poet who has published verse in French, German and English. The gardens at White Waltham Place are famous for their fine displays of rhododendrons, azaleas and bluebells and are opened to the public in the spring. A member of the family which owns and operates the De Beers diamond mines in South Africa—he is a nephew of Sir Ernest—Raymond went to work in the firm's London office after his graduation from Oxford and reached an executive position just before the war. He served in the Royal Air Force, rising from pilot officer to wing commander. Presently he serves as a director of the family business. This calls for some time in the city but leaves him pretty free to prosecute his other interests. A minor one is *The Times* daily crossword puzzle. Oppenheimer usually solves it in 20 minutes flat, which is comparable to running the mile in 4:03, an excellent but not sensational time. As the world's leading bull terrier expert, a good amount of his time goes to supervising the organization of his kennels (which include 25 all-white bull terriers) and judging on two continents. Today nearly all the prize-winning bull terriers in British shows can be traced back to Oppenheimer's champions.

A golfer of international caliber for 20 years, today, at 51, Raymond Oppenheimer remains a first-class player but he has been playing less and less since he has been devoting an increasing portion of his time to watching golf, encouraging and developing the young players he meets in his constant travels to all corners of the island. In the process of these travels, he has probably been forced to eat more poor restaurant food than any other living person of similar means.) A man who enjoys conversation, he is a very handy fellow with a phrase. In 1947, for example, when the British Open was held at Hoylake, a spectator, rushing out to watch Henry Cotton, buttonholed Oppenheimer and asked him how Cotton was playing. "Mr. Cotton," Raymond replied, "is hitting his drives so straight that it is impossible to tell whether he is playing his approaches from the left side or the right side of the fairway." Like Micklem, Oppenheimer has a passion for all sports and is a regular and ardent patron of the Rugby at Twickenham, the tennis at Wimbledon, and the track and field at White City. This summer he was most upset when the necessity of attending a coming-out party for one of his godchildren prevented him from making the meet in which Derek Ibbotson broke Landy's mile record. "By a stroke of excellent luck," he explained later, "I was able to slip out in time to catch the race on my car radio."

I trust it is obvious but in the event it isn't, Raymond Oppenheimer and Gerry Micklem are fine and friendly and enjoyable men—and when there is a job to be done, they do it. END



CAPTAIN of the challenging British team is Gerald Micklem, a Walker Cup veteran.



CHIEF selector, Raymond Oppenheimer is a former Oxford and Walker Cup leader.

FRED HUTCHINSON

continued from page 34

young players," Lane says now, "and I needed a manager who could handle them." When Lane proposed Fred Hutchinson as manager of the Cardinals, Gussie Busch's reaction was typical of a relative newcomer in baseball. "Who's Hutchinson?" he wanted to know.

Even today, Gussie Busch sounds vaguely bewildered when he discusses his manager. "He doesn't say much," says Busch, "and he's the kind of man who won't say anything he doesn't believe. I've found that out. Sometimes I think he's made mistakes in strategy, and I think the press rode him kind of hard about that Mizell incident in Brooklyn. Certainly, I disagreed with him. But Hutch has the courage of his convictions. We all admire that."

To Frank Lane, the selection of Hutchinson to boss the Cardinals was obvious. "Did you notice his conduct at Detroit?" Lane asks. "He left because he wouldn't be a puppet. But even when they treated him like one, he was never disloyal. Never tried to justify himself, and he didn't sound off about his troubles. And even when they wanted him back, he walked out. He never carped or complained or criticized. He's all man."

Lane thought a moment and continued: "Hutch has a rough, tough demeanor, but he has that damnable patience. I've even accused him of being a character-builder. I cuss him out from the stands because I'm that way —when I've got anything to say, I tell the world about it. I don't think Hutch has ever experienced fear in his life. In a way, that's a minus factor in his makeup. He applies it as a yardstick to his players.

"As a strategist," concluded Lane, "I think he's unimaginative, but he goes right on getting results. Hutch just won't 'yes' anybody."

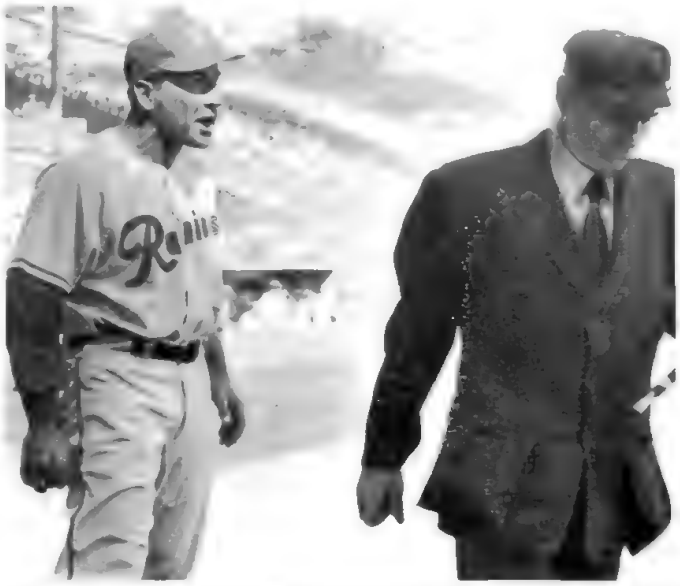
Bob Broeg, veteran *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* baseball writer, summed up Hutchinson in part when he wrote that he is "a man who has a way with men . . . who makes no pretense of maneuvering or manipulating with the winking wisdom of a Casey Stengel, the mysticism of a Paul Richards, the daring of a Leo Durocher or the bravado of a Charley Dressen.

"If, as a tactician, Hutchinson is unimpressive, he has the rare quality of holding the confidence and loyalty of his players, a combination that has produced a team spirit the club knew under neither of his immediate predecessors, Harry Walker and Eddie Stanky. The Cardinals like their rugged manager . . . he has the players believing they can win."

To all of it—the bombast, the criticism, the tributes and the vague half-truths he hears and reads about himself—Hutchinson is stoically realistic. He knows that each day, as the National League battle for supremacy approaches its September climax, that the heavy deep voice that makes a listener strain to hear.

"The important thing is not to panic" he said, staring into his half-empty glass. "You have to grind, day after day, and forget about yesterday. The easiest thing to do is second-guess, but the worst thing to do is to second-guess yourself. Then you panic.

"Lane gets excited. They all get excited. I don't mind it from Lane, because he's always been that way. He dies on every pitch. Funny thing about Lane, the way he cusses the ballplayers out and jumps on me from the



MONUMENTAL RAGES OF HUTCHINSON HAVE OCCASIONALLY BLISTERED UMPIRES' EARS

each day will bring the pleasant, temporary pleasure in winning, or the boiling, inner sickness of defeat. "You have to love misery to do this," he once said. In the few hours of respite between games, Hutchinson is relaxed and sometimes warmly communicative. Now he was sitting in a cool, near empty St. Louis café, late after a night game the Cardinals had won.

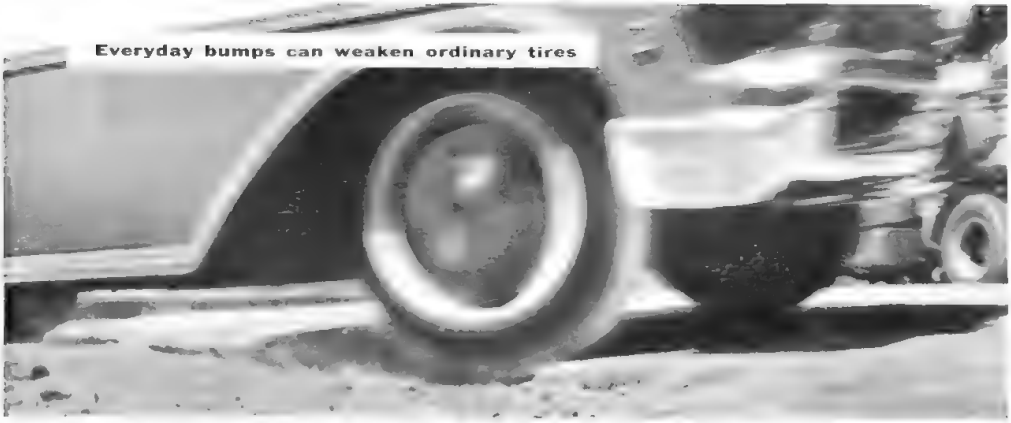
He was showing it, and the four heavy lines across his forehead deepened. He cracked ice hard with his teeth, a faintly disturbing habit, and his gray-saw mane was bagged. His once-red hair is now a dark brown, peppered with gray, and the scar runs down each side of his face, the strong, prominent chin and the thin, pulled-down mouth give him a look of perpetual, sad toughness. Then he began to talk, a

stands. If anybody else did that to us, I think he'd fight."

Hutchinson turned his glass, spilled another piece of ice in his mouth and cracked down hard with his teeth. Then he talked again: "The big guy with us is Dark. He's making a winner out of Blasingame. You don't see those things from the stands, but every day I see Blasingame get better because Dark is showing him how to win. Musial you don't have to manage. What can a manager do for him?

"The pitching—maybe I could take credit for that. That thing with Mizell in Brooklyn, I just wanted to get him over a hump. Sometimes that's all it takes—a man gets over a rough time and he goes on from there." Hutchinson gave a short laugh. "Guys ask me

continued





Now nylon cord gives tires lasting strength, means new freedom from fear of blowouts

Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness shrugs off the everyday road shocks that can cause unseen damage to ordinary tire cord, lead to blowouts under the stress of highway driving. For today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, nylon cord tires give you a priceless extra margin of safety. The *lasting* strength and protection of nylon cord tires have been proved in billions of miles of use by truckers.

All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS



1. BRUISE DAMAGE. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness protects against impact damage caused by hitting a bump, hole or rock.



2. MOISTURE DAMAGE. Water can't rot nylon cord. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture seeping in through cracks or cuts in tires.



3. FLEX FATIGUE. Nylon's resilience guards against the strength sapping flex strain that occurs every single time a tire turns.



4. HEAT DAMAGE. Nylon gives two-way protection. It not only has greater heat resistance but also makes cooler running tires.

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON CORD

DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

His dream came true . . .

MacGregor

Football Equipment



Future All-American! MacGregor equips the leading college and high school football teams . . . truly "The Choice of Those Who Play the Game." Since 1876, the finest in athletic equipment . . . available from quality sporting goods retailers everywhere.

MacGregor Sports Equipment

THE MACGREGOR CO., Cincinnati, 32, Ohio • FOOTBALL • BASKETBALL • BASEBALL • GOLF • TENNIS

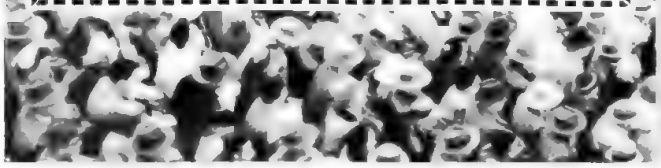
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

a Time Inc. weekly publication

Please send 52 weekly issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to:

The above subscription is for me. Please bill me for $7.50 at the same address.
Start it now Start it at the end of my current subscription
The above subscription is a gift. Please bill me for $7.50 at this address.

(This rate good only for subscriptions sent to continental U.S. and Canada) S-3413



FRED HUTCHINSON

continued

about Von McDaniel. What did I do for him? I just put him in there and he came through. Could I take credit for that?

"I try to make a ballplayer believe in himself, and the only way you can do that is to give him a chance. If he plays his way out of the lineup, then you try somebody else. And if you haven't got 'em, you're dead. I seldom read the newspapers. If we won, I know how. If we lost, reading about it won't get the game back."

A man and woman stopped by the table and spoke to Hutchinson about the Cardinals. They wished him luck and went away. "People like that are the ones I like," he said. "They didn't ask for anything, or tell me how to run things. There are thousands like that." There was one piece of ice left in the glass and Hutchinson put it in his mouth. He cracked it, then spoke again.

"You know, I didn't always agree with Harry Truman," he said. "But when they were firing at him, you never saw him pull back. The little man from Missouri never pulled his foot in the bucket. They wrote him off in 1948, and he was the only one who believed in himself. He went out among the people and scratched for it. He didn't flinch or run to hide. He knew how to win."

There was a long period of silence. Hutchinson scowled into his empty glass. The light strains of the French melody, *La Seine*, came through on the piped-in music, disturbed slightly by a rattle of glasses, making the scene of the realistic, intense man, speaking out his thoughts, seem incongruous.

"We haven't got the best club," he was saying, "but they believe in themselves. They go out every day and grind. Baseball doesn't have many naturals, a lot less than you might imagine.

"The ones who work hardest are the ones who make it, the ones who win. Sometimes that's the only difference. If you don't work hard at this game, you might as well hang them up. Sweat is your only salvation." END

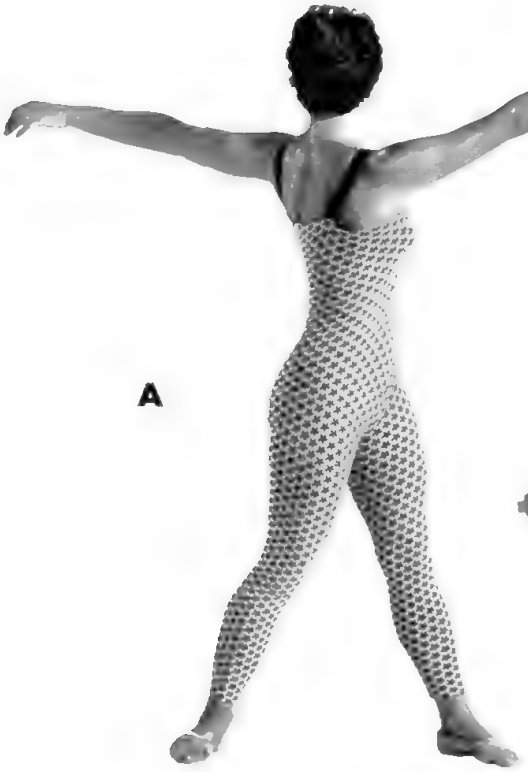
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2 Louis Goldenberg 3 John G. Zimmerman 4 Paul [illegible] barre Rochester Times Union, 6 left, Richard Dean 16, 17 [illegible] Debraine 19, 21 drawings by Andy 24—First Journal 25 Gene Pyle 33 Seattle Post-Intelligencer 2[illegible] 34, 36 [illegible] 46, 47 49 [illegible] 50, 53 [illegible] 54 57—Arthur Siegel 60—Walter Daran 66—U.S. 68 [illegible]

BONNIE PRUDDEN

7 The torso twist will take off unwanted bulge in the middle

For the fourth week we'll take up the problem of the thickening waistline, the classic sign of advancing age. If fat insists on settling around the middle, get rid of it. It can't rest easy in a spot that's being worked hard. Twisting and turning, lifting and stooping all help to keep a waistline in line. By this time you should be taking 15 minutes of exercise a day. If you're succeeding, that's one hour and 45 minutes a week, or about six times as much activity as the children in elementary schools get. If 15 consecutive minutes seem too much, try three periods of five minutes each during the day. Next week: hip shift and deep knee bends. **TIPS FOR LIVING:** At mealtime, sit as tall as you can between courses, relax during the rest of the meal.



A

Stand with feet apart. Hold slightly bent arms at shoulder level. Swing as far around as possible, looking toward your swing and raising your head.



B

Repeat the same movement, but this time swing in the opposite direction. Do 10 sets of these twists, then bend forward about 45° and do 10 more twists.

THE LITTLE LEAGUE

PART II

by KENNETH RUDEEN



TENSE MOMENT in championship game of the Indiana State Little League Tourney shows varied reactions of young players in dugout, players and adult fans in stands.





Concluding a nationwide survey of Little League problems, Sports Illustrated presents the arguments, pro and con, and

THE VERDICT

EVER SINCE Little League baseball erupted from Pennsylvania 10 years ago and spread all over the country, it has been the subject of hot debate—not of baseball as a sport, but of baseball as a social crucible for preteen-age boys and their parents. The controversy has bubbled up during a period in which we have poked into Johnny's soul as never before. In the junior hot-stove leagues it isn't Tinker to Evers to Chance any more, it's Gesell to Ilg to Ames. Readers of *Auntie Mame* will recall a situation in which the proprietor of a superprogressive school discovers the 11-year-old hero perusing a book. "Mame," he exclaims, "you let that child *read*?" The question put to the parents of Little League ballplayers by some of the most severe critics of the movement, with approximately the same degree of horror, is essentially, "You let that child play organized baseball at his age?"

It should be understood, from the outset, that Little League has never lacked influential support, nor has it failed to gain substantially in local league strength in each of the last 10 years. Professional baseball people are for it overwhelmingly. Baseball writers have given it much praise. Top industrial leaders have endorsed it. Former President Herbert Hoover has called it "one of the greatest stimulants of constructive joy in the world" and Dwight David Eisenhower has sent best wishes.

But the two basic arguments which strike at the roots of Little League pop up year after year: it puts too much competitive pressure on the children; it brings out the monster in too many parents and adult leaders.

These arguments can be heard across the country, and year by year they have grown in intensity. The substance of the case against Little League was summed up not long ago by Guy Bushby, an official of the Los Angeles Recreation and Parks Commission. "Practically all the psychologists and child welfare specialists," he said, "plus the California Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation and all persons dealing with child care feel that the type of intensive competition fostered by Little League baseball is not to the best interests of the child 12 years old and under."

The key words in Bushby's summation of charges are "intensive competition." How much competition is too much? There is a considerable difference of opinion among educators and child specialists on the matter. In an article entitled, "Little League Baseball Can Hurt Your Boy" (*Look*, Aug.

continued

LITTLE LEAGUE

continued

11, 1953), Charles A. Bucher, professor of education at New York University, said: "The drive to win is traditional in America and must be preserved. But a boy will absorb that lesson soon enough in high school. In his grammar school years it is more important that his recreation be guided toward other objectives: the fun of playing rather than winning; the child rather than the game; the many rather than the few; informal activity rather than the formal; the development of skills in many activities rather than specialization."

Dr. George Maksim, chairman of the school health committee of the American Academy of Pediatrics, says: "Undue pressures from highly organized programs at this age are undesirable and may be detrimental." But he also says, "There's nothing wrong with Little League baseball as long as it is confined to local competition and as long as exploitation and commercialism are avoided. Competition is a part of the growing child that should be recognized, accepted and directed."

As played in the major leagues, baseball is, of course, fiercely competitive. This has its effect on Little League play; chiefly on the adults concerned but sometimes, by reflection, on the youngsters, too. "Nice guys finish last" is one of the imperishable slogans of the big time. Questioning the umpire's call on a close play is an automatic reaction. Many fans consider it part of their birthright to be able to yell, when so moved: "Ya stink, ya bum, ya," or one of the infinite variations on that familiar theme.

Little League officials maintain they are well aware of the dangers implicit in this freedom to question higher authority. The program strives to teach its young players respect for authority, team play, sportsmanship, grace in victory and defeat; it preaches moderation and understanding to their parents. But there is no denying that, on the local level, these ideals are not always realized. Item: in Allentown, Pa. not long ago, the adult manager of a non-Little League team induced two Little Leaguers to jump their teams and join his by offering free taxi rides, sightseeing trips to New York and flashy team jackets.

This is the kind of isolated situation which tempts observers on the sidelines to condemn junior baseball out of hand. Actually, that is unfair. Such excesses are not prevalent; where they do occur, they are generally due to the difficulty—one which will always plague Little League—of reserving one set of attitudes for the big leagues and another for junior baseball. The source of the most widespread criticism concerning the hazards of competition is that Little Leaguers frequently cry after losing an important game or committing an error on the field. Defenders of Little League invariably reply that these tears vanish quickly and that it is difficult to distinguish between winners and losers a few hours after the game. A child's interest span is shorter than an adult's; adults who become deeply involved emotionally over Little League situations tend to judge the children by their own adult reactions.

A test for emotions

Scientific studies to determine the effects of competitive pressure have given the league a more concrete basis for answering critics. At the University of California, Dr. Elvera Skubic conducted a study of 206 boys. Of these, 75 were Little Leaguers, 51 were members of Middle League teams (aged 12 to 15) and 80 were nonplayers. A skin galvanometer was used to determine the extent of emotional excitement in certain situations. All the boys were tested in softball physical education classes; and the league players in their baseball games as well. Questionnaires were sent out to boys, to their parents and their teachers for additional information.

Dr. Skubic concluded that league players tended to show "less emotionality at rest" than nonplayers, no greater emotion in anticipation of league games than before physical education classes, more emotion after winning a game than after losing a game and no greater emotion over championship games than regular season games. "At most ages," Dr. Skubic reported, "boys showed more skin response after physical education competition than they did after league competition." In addition, the study revealed that parents whose sons played on Little League or Middle League teams gave almost unanimous approval to the program and that boys chosen for team play were physically and emotionally more mature than nonplayers. "It appears," Dr. Skubic said, "that the boys who display the best baseball techniques, play the most intelligent game, have emotional stability and get along best in a group are the ones who are chosen to play competitive baseball."

While markedly favorable to Little League in general, the Skubic report pointed out that a substantial minority of the players failed to eat normal-sized meals after games and that the sleep of a few players was disturbed. Dr. Skubic was concerned that a number of players were distressed over their inability to break into the lineup as often as they desired and that a sizable number of finger and arm injuries occurred among Little Leaguers. Most of these injuries, however, were minor cuts, bruises and sprains.

So far, we have explored the matter of competition primarily on the local, nontournament level. As competitive pressures increase through each stage of the playoffs leading to the Little League World Series, so does the intensity of anti-Little League feeling. With the 1957 World Series now under way at Williamsport, Pa., the outcry is at its annual zenith. This climactic tournament is the most important single problem of Little League, especially so since a large share of the criticism of it comes from within the league. As explained last week, national officials of the league consider the World Series necessary, and there is no reason to believe they will drop it in the foreseeable future. But the problem remains, in spite of the fact that local leagues may choose not to take part in the Series playoffs.

In 1953, Robert A. Young, a member of the national board and a regional director, resigned, largely because of the tournament issue. Now a Lutheran minister in New Castle, Ind., Pastor Young continues to oppose the World Series idea. A current board member, Dr. Arthur A. Esslinger, who is dean of the School of Health and Physical Education at the University of Oregon, is an enthusiastic supporter of Little League play at the local level but likewise a serious opponent of the playoffs.

"The tournament was invaluable in the early days," Dr. Esslinger says. "It promoted the program on a nationwide basis and caused it to spread. But in my judgment this value is no longer needed. The tournament has outlived its usefulness.

"First of all, it harms local play. To get ready for the tournament structure, a manager must start four or five weeks before the end of local play. When boys are picked for the all-star team the local league entry, it hurts the rest of the boys. It results in unplayed and postponed games, and the genius of Little League baseball is in its concept of widespread play at the local level.



A CLOSE PLAY AT THE PLATE IN INDIANA PLAYOFF HAS ALL THE DRAMA OF THE BIG LEAGUES

"The goal of becoming national champion is so great and so valuable that it causes some adults to overemphasize the program. Managers can make hard work of it with long, grim hours of practice that take the joy out of it for the kids."

Disruption of local play and the disproportionate amount of attention paid to the all-stars—these are the enduring complaints. Whether the Series harms the boys is another matter. Neither Pastor Young nor Dr. Esslinger feels that the boys who go on to Williamsport tournaments are adversely affected.

"I have seen and been thrilled by the qualities of sportsmanship and idealism displayed by the boys at Williamsport," says Dr. Esslinger.

What does Williamsport have to say on the junior World Series issue? Creighton Hale, assistant to the president and director of research for Little League, is the person best qualified to answer. Dr. Hale is a young, sandy-haired physiologist who acquired four sports letters and a Ph.D. in his collegiate days. Since he joined the Little League staff in 1955 he has assembled an impressive portfolio of material concerning the physical and emotional effects of Little League baseball on the players. His persuasiveness and obvious sincerity have found more than one convert to Little League among the disaffected.

In 1955 Dr. Hale determined that the majority of Little League World Series players that year were adolescent, rather than preadolescent. At that time there was one 10-year-old in the Series, as well as 11- and 12-year-olds; nowadays only 11s and 12s may play.

"I was amazed," Dr. Hale said, "at the early maturity of these boys. The average age for adolescence in this country is about 15. In trying to evaluate why these boys were so mature, I began analyzing the growth and development patterns of children in the United States as far back as I could find reliable data. I found that the average 12-year-old boy today is six inches taller and 31 pounds heavier than the 12-year-old of 1877. I also determined that boys today mature two years earlier than did boys 20 years ago. The 12-year-old today is as large as the 14-year-old was 20 years ago. The implication of this changing growth pattern is this: the seventh and eighth graders today are as mature as the ninth and 10th graders of 20 years ago. People who favored athletic competition for ninth and 10th graders 20 years ago certainly have no justifiable reason for criticizing competition for children who are now in the seventh and eighth grades."

On-the-spot tests by Dr. Hale at World Series games have convinced him that the winning and losing of those highly publicized matches produce no serious emotional disturbance among the players then and there. Long-range studies to gauge possible aftereffects are under way.

Another aspect of the controversy, whether Little League occupies too much of a player's time, was investigated by the recreation department of Fresno, Calif. Questionnaires were mailed to the parents or guardians of the boys who played in the 1952 Series. The returns contradicted the rather widely held assumption that Little League unduly narrows a child's activities. The average boy participated in three other sports, he had, statistically speaking, 3.84 hobbies. The majority of parents replied that if they had it to do over again they would want their sons to compete. A similar study by Dr. Emery Seymour brought an identical response.

What about adults?

Thus we come to the second basic issue in the Little League problem: how have the adults involved—the parents and their representatives on the playing fields, the managers—lived up to their responsibilities?

There are several schools of thought on parents in Little League. There is the frantic element which just prays that the parents will quietly go away, the hopeful element which puts its trust in the belief that they can be educated; and the matter-of-fact element which concedes that some parents are bad for their children. Little League or not, and believes that the good vastly outnumber the bad.

"I liked the kids," said Will Fowler, upon quitting as manager of the Encino Tigers of the San Fernando Valley Little League, "but I couldn't take parents. The fathers go out to win at all costs, not the kids. I've seen kids go home crying and not talking to their parents. That's not natural for a 12-year-old. I've seen one kid climb up in a walnut tree after a game and sit there

continued

LITTLE LEAGUE

cont'nued

brooding half the night. He just felt he was a misfit, alone in the world.

"What happens is that a parent whose kid comes home crying or upset usually goes out to the next game with blood in his eye. They never help out and maybe only come out once in every four games, but if their kid doesn't play they raise a stink. Nine chances out of 10, they are guys who were no good at baseball themselves and they want to justify themselves or get rid of their frustrations through their kids. Once a father threw insults and then clods of dirt and paper at a manager who did not play his son. The manager finally took up a bat and chased the father through the fence gate and nearly clobbered him. Once a mother actually pummeled me."

Similar testimony can be had for the asking wherever Little League exists. Yet it isn't all that bad.

"About once a year," says Arthur L. Fleshman, who has been active in a suburban league near Albany, N.Y. for four years, "we have trouble with parents. An individual parent might get out of hand now and then by hollering at his kid from the stands. We face up to it and tell him to keep his mouth shut. After that there isn't any more trouble."

Cheers from a mother

"As the mother of a boy who played in Little League," says Mrs. Mary E. Junkins of Morgantown, W. Va., "I want to shout three cheers for the league. The boys are learning good conduct, sportsmanship and how to handle themselves, and they are building their lives on a constructive basis. I think if some of us adults had some of the training these boys are getting there would be no red-faced fathers calling names at the games."

Acutely aware of The Great Parent Problem, national officials at Williamsport have earmarked funds in the new $1 million Little League Foundation for an extensive program in adult leadership training and child psychology. Meanwhile, until the foundation becomes a going concern, they encourage the growth of local clinics for adults, like the well-established one at Mineola, N.Y.

These officials emphasize that one of the ideals of Little League is to stimulate the development of an intimate relationship between son and parents—to interest the parents, especially fathers, who "don't have enough time" to get to know their sons. In practice, they contend, this greatly overbalances the harm done by the minority of thoughtless or self-seeking parents.

Of nearly as much concern as the parents are the managers. They are not required to have professional training either in child care or baseball, a fact that has started the tongue of many a physical education specialist. Some managers, to be sure, have sent their teams out to win at any cost; some have boggled over letting the least talented players have a reasonable chance to play. Where the local league directors insist upon high standards of sportsmanship among the managers, the problem is minimized.

"The quality of the people in our league," says Alex T. Franz Jr. of Wilmette, Ill., "is very high. The thing is handled very, very carefully." Boyd Simmons, a Little League district director and veteran newspaperman, speaks up from Detroit: "All those adults participating are fathers and certainly qualified to handle their youngsters at play if they are qualified to handle them at home. Maybe some of them don't know baseball, but they sure know kids. These are the same adults who are running the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, PTA and service clubs in the community, and those groups are thriving under their leadership."

Aside from the paramount problems of competition and the attitudes and qualifications of adults, the Little League undergoes considerable sniping from time to time on other questions. Foremost among these is what the political parties would call the matter of "equal time." Virtually every parent wants his son to be able to play as often and as long as the next boy. In practice this almost never works out, but in many local areas the adult leaders have adopted rules assuring every eligible team member an opportunity to play at least part of every game. For example, in Hamtramck, Mich. a really highly developed program enables every Little Leaguer to participate in 40 games on the average each summer. The all-star team for tournament play-offs is picked in the third week of July; the rest of the players carry on until Labor Day. Hamtramck wisely has a "farm" league setup for boys who fail to make the regular teams. Leagues which fail to satisfy the demand for playing time soon encounter stormy weather. Mutinous parents can be extremely persuasive.

Little League is occasionally criticized from the standpoint of the child's health and safety. "Children 12 years of age and under," says the American Academy of Pediatrics, "are particularly susceptible to bone and joint injury because the growing ends of the



LITTLE LEAGUE DIRECTORS today include Howard J. Lamade of Williamsport, Pa. (*seated, left*); Peter J. McGovern, president and chairman of the board; Dr. Arthur A. Esslinger of the University of Oregon; Thomas H. Richardson, president of the Eastern League; and Robert Considine, New York columnist. Standing in back row are Albert E. Houghton, board secretary; G. Herbert McCracken of New York; Dr. D. Frederick Wertz, president of Williamsport's Lycoming College; and Carlton H. Gilbert, of New York.

long bones have not yet calcified and because they do not possess the protection of adult musculature." The Academy condemns body-contact sports for preteen-agers but condones baseball, with the rider that highly competitive tendencies should be guarded against. In addition there have been medical warnings against carrying children's athletic competition "past the stage of healthful fatigue to harmful exhaustion." Physicians invariably recommend a physical examination for children entering athletic pursuits. The Little League recommends such a thoroughgoing examination for all players at the start of each season.

Warnings against the evils of commercialism are sounded in virtually every tract on the subject of children's athletics. The Little League frankly invites sponsorship of local leagues and does not exclude businessmen, but cautions local leaders to be on guard. A sponsor may have the name of his business on the team uniforms. So far as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has been able to determine in this nationwide survey, commercial sponsorship has been the least of Little League's troubles.

Racial segregation has caused some alarms and much soul-searching in Little League. Except for a general recommendation that no boy be denied a chance to play because of color, the national officials stay out of the controversy, maintaining that it is not their business to attempt to change broad social customs. South Carolina dropped out of the league in 1955 over the selection of a Negro team for tournament playoffs, but continued to carry on its local activity without national franchise. The scene elsewhere in the South has been generally calm. Virtually all southern teams are either all white or all Negro.

Occasionally a local league drops out of the national structure over some disagreement on policy. Those in the Seattle-King County area of Washington split off in 1954 and adopted the name Li'l League. Seattle leaders objected to Williamsport's rulings on player selection, methods of local organization, the drawing of geographical boundary lines and exhibition games. Little League officials, incidentally, are not happy about the situation and are considering legal action to force a change of name. The Fresno, Calif. leagues seceded over methods of organization and boundaries and formed the Spartan League. Instead of establishing each of its six leagues as an entity, responsible only to Williamsport, as national rules required, Fresno organized a central board for direction of the citywide program. Pittsburgh's suburban Mount Lebanon township supports a vigorous offshoot (49 teams in the Little League age bracket) on a "no-star-everyone-plays" basis. Every boy who wants to play is put on a team; every boy must play in at least two innings of each game.

By and large, however, the local leagues appear to be happy with the national affiliation and satisfied with home-town results.

"I think Little League is one of the best things that ever happened," says Patrolman John Parker, a manager in Wilmette's league. "In season we have less trouble with kids as far as breaking street lights and the rest goes. We teach not only baseball, but being good to your fellow man." From Hamtramck's Midge Wysocki, director of a municipal recreation program which incorporates Little League: "In our four years of Little League activity our juvenile officers have never picked up a player for any reason. That means a lot in an industrial community such as ours." The Parkdale district of Toronto, a section which used to breed juvenile delinquents, is no longer breeding them; city officials say Little League is setting potential lawbreakers straight.

A significant convert

One of Little League's most significant converts is Dr. Elmon Vernier, director of physical education for the public schools of Baltimore, now state public relations director for Little League as well. Once of the opinion that Little League was a commercial venture of U.S. Rubber to capitalize on the interest in baseball among American youth, Dr. Vernier came away from a meeting with league officials "much impressed by their leadership qualities and by the strong indication that sport, not commercialism, was the basis of the league." That was in 1954; but when he attended the first Little League congress, in 1956, Dr. Vernier still had misgivings.

"What persuaded me, finally," he says, "was the type of people I met and the stands they took on important issues. I particularly remember a motor cop from New Jersey, a bridge foreman from Maryland, a banker from Texas and a manufacturer from Ohio. These people wanted to do the same things that we physical education people wanted, and I'm not sure we always do it better than they do."

We have heard the case against Little League; we have heard the witnesses in its defense. Let us summarize our findings and deliver a verdict.

- As a participant sport for youngsters, Little League has unquestionably done great good. It has lured small boys in large numbers away from the omnipresent TV set, brought them out to the ball field, and has thus contributed positively to the growing physical fitness problem among our youth.
- As a source of future baseball players Little League has done much to insure the lasting quality of our national game.
- On the question of competitive pressure for youngsters who might be harmed by too intensive play, Little League would seem to have a good case for a plea of "not guilty." We have seen that, in practice, competitive pressure seems to be no worse than in comparable sports engaged in by children of the same age; that the effects of intensive play, if any, are usually temporary and that Little League officialdom is aware of the danger and seeks to guard against it.
- On the issue of the Little League World Series we have seen that the junior World Series tournament can seriously disrupt local play and that, of all forms of Little League play, it is most likely to lead to excesses of competitive intensity. The World Series would seem, on balance, to be of doubtful value.
- On the issue of adult overemphasis and interference with Little League play, we have seen that parents and managers, in too many instances, permit themselves to be carried away by misguided ambition and a competitive spirit which is not in keeping with Little League principles and which can seriously hinder or harm their children's enjoyment of baseball and warp their judgment of the game. Clearly, a serious word of warning to the adults concerned—and in particular to overzealous parents—is in order. The importance of common sense, understanding and fair play on the part of parents and managers cannot be overemphasized.
- In conclusion, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S survey clearly indicates that Little League, taken as a whole, is a praiseworthy undertaking, and one that is here to stay. A splendid program in theory, it can, in execution, form a magnificent combination of boyhood opportunity, adult satisfaction and community spirit. Undoubtedly, it will flourish in the future—as it deserves to. END

HOW DOES IT
COMPARE
WITH A
TITLEIST?





You hear that question all over the place. More and more, all the time.

Why?—because every golfer knows that the real quality of a ball shows up on the golf course, and based on *performance in actual play* Titleist has become the standard by which all other balls are judged.

That is why the Titleist is *still the top heavy favorite* with week-end golfers and tournament stars alike.

Ask your own pro about Titleist. Ask him, too, about Acushnet gloves, putters and head covers.

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS

Sold the World Over Through Golf Course Pro Shops Only

TIP FROM THE TOP



from **HARRY OBITZ**

Shawnee Inn & CC, Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pa.

Balance is the foundation of a good swing. By far the best training exercise I know for building better balance involves using two props. I usually suggest two ordinary glass tumblers, because they're common to every household, though any objects generally resembling them in size can be used. Place these tumblers so that, when you take your stance, one tumbler is just to the right of your right heel and the other is just to the left of the left heel (*see the diagrams below*). The idea is to accomplish your footwork correctly between the glasses, to hit neither glass as you perform your swing.

This exercise is a wonder for checking and correcting two very common faults: 1) swaying on the backswing and 2) hitting from the outside on the downswing. Swaying is caused by the left heel's turning outward, toward the hole, when you start back. Many golfers don't know when they sway. You can tell when you do when you work with the tumblers, for your left heel will kick over the left tumbler when it turns out. Secondly, if your right heel turns out on the downswing and kicks over the right tumbler, you know for a fact that you're swinging outside the correct line to the ball.

Work to swing so that you touch neither glass. You will prevent hip and shoulder sway. You don't have to think about your hips. They'll turn "inside" the feet.



NEXT WEEK: *WILLIE KLEIN ON ERRORS BRED BY THE GRIP*



Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 86.8 PROOF, CANADIAN WHISKY—
A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD

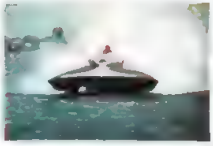


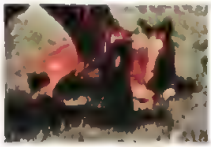
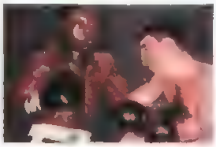




THE SPECTACLE OF SPORT

202 pages of superb color photography

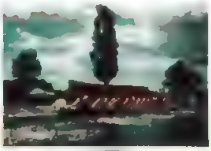









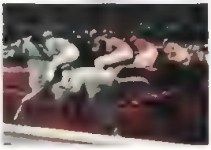
Stories by WILLIAM FAULKNER, PAUL GALLICO, GERALD HOLLAND, A.J. LIEBLING, BILL MAULDIN, PAUL O'NEIL, WILLIAM SAROYAN, BUDD SCHULBERG, ALEC WAUGH, HERBERT WARREN WIND, PHILIP WYLIE *and many others.*




selected from

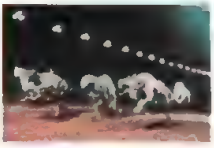
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED







Announcing the most beautiful, colorful, wonderful sports book ever published!

—Now yours at a special pre-publication price

Pictured at the left you see the jacket of a 320-page anthology of the golden moments of sports that you will read and enjoy for years to come—compiled from the innumerable and magnificent photographs and outstanding sports writing in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

THE SPECTACLE OF SPORT contains more than 200 full pages in color that will leave you breathless: the sweep of a racing yacht under full sail; golf beneath the majestic pines at Augusta; the allegory of life and death that is the bull ring; the grace and power of a great ball player in action; the sunlit hush of a championship tennis match.

And it will bring you more than a hundred more pages of a kind of writing about sport that has given a new dimension not only to sport but to literature—by such known and honored figures as those listed on the jacket.

The SPECTACLE is a spectacular book, printed on heavy, 90-pound coated stock so that its 202 pages of gorgeous color literally shine in their beauty. It is handsomely bound, with a full-color dust jacket showing in miniature some of the book's splendid camera paintings.

Not a single hallmark of fine bookmaking has been overlooked in bringing this volume to your library. And because of the enthusiasm with which booksellers have greeted it, the publishers have planned a sizable first printing —to sell, this Fall and Christmas gift season, at $15.00.

By special arrangement, a number of copies has been set aside for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *readers and their friends at only $10.95, a saving of more than $4 per copy. The coupon here—or the order card you will find in this magazine—will bring you your pre-publication copy of the* THE SPECTACLE OF SPORT. *Send no money now and you may return the book if it is not all you expected. (But we feel certain that instead you will find yourself ordering additional copies as gifts for sports-enthusiastic friends!)*

To repeat, there will be a large first printing, but only one, during 1957—so please reserve your copy at once.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Book Department 8017,
540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Ill.

Please send me a copy of THE SPECTACLE OF SPORT. If not delighted I may return the book to you. Otherwise I will pay your invoice for the pre-publication price of only $10.95. (Publication price, $15.00.)

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

MAXIE'S LONG ROUTE

Bowling's longest, toughest tournament again takes its toll in aches and pains

by VICTOR KALMAN

THE STOCKY MAN from Ohio wiped the blood from the thumb hole of his bowling ball, bit his quivering lips to short the electric pain shocks shooting up his arm and rolled for a spare. He was one of a dozen men bowling the 32nd game of a nonstop series which had started at 9 o'clock the previous night. Now it was 8 a.m., his dreams of gold and glory had long since been dissolved by exquisite agony and the worst was yet to come. Eight more games, two and a half more hours.

"I flew a thousand miles to bowl in this tournament," the Ohioan said. "When I get home I want to at least be able to say I went the route."

Across the floor of the Paramount Bowl, a gleaming 20-lane establishment which sits picturesquely at the foot of purple mountains in Ogden, Utah, other bowlers treated cracked thumbs, massaged aching muscles, shook their heads vigorously to fight off fatigue. The great Lee Jouglard of Detroit, holder of the alltime American Bowling Congress singles record, was tiring badly after averaging a remarkable 207 for 31 games.

"If I can go the distance, I think I'll win this thing," the slightly built Jouglard had said earlier. Now, his confidence was slowly surrendering to worriment; his approach to the foul line, normally as close as one could get to poetry in motion on the lanes, had assumed a plod like a policeman's on the beat; his strained face showed that mind was summoning body for strength that no longer was there.

That was the picture at 8 a.m. on June 29 in the Maxie Kosof Endurance Classic, the most sneered at, talked about and, in some circles, glorified tournament in the sport today. It was typical of most mornings of the 37-day event which ended Aug. 5. Jouglard, who had dropped into the 150s and 160s for four games, staged a courageous comeback to wind up with 8,219 pins (205.5 average)—highest total, up to that day, in the Classic's three-year history but good enough for only fourth place this year. During the 13½-hour test each man had carried nearly five tons of hard rubber ball more than two miles and had walked an additional two miles from the foul line to their seats.

What had they proved?

THIS IS SPORT?

"They proved they are bowlers, just as the Maxie Kosof Endurance Classic proves that bowling is a sport," said Russian-born Promoter Max Kosof. "As in other sports, a person cannot be considered a bowler until he has proved himself over the long route."

Kosof, a sturdily built man of medium height who appears much younger than his 49 years, knows the "long route" well, for he has been over it many times. In 1941, then a merchandising specialist in women's apparel in Indianapolis, he bowled 212 consecutive games in 30 hours for the benefit of the USO. Four years later, an Air Force noncom in Ogden, he shot 181 for 100 games in 10 hours and sold $60,000 worth of war bonds between frames. About that time he met and married a lovely Mormon girl, joined the church himself and forsook women's apparel to become a bowling center manager.

Kosof tried for several years to get his employers and others interested in staging an endurance tournament. But it was not until 1955, when he leased the new Paramount Bowl, that the Classic was born.

This summer's event drew 416 bowlers, including 82 women—about twice the 1955 entry. It was a remarkable pilgrimage, considering the season, Ogden's geographic location and the limited number of persons who can, or would want to, bowl that many games. However, other tournaments drew thousands of bowlers, including the stars Kosof has been wooing in vain.

The record Jouglard established on July 26 stood up for two days. Then Welu, a strapping lad of 25 (6 feet 4½ inches, 200 pounds) and one of the hottest bowlers in the country, scored a sensational 8,472 (211.8 average).

"Be careful, captain. You're pretty old for this kind of thing," Welu chided Buzz Fazio as the Brunswick star took the lanes the following night.

"Hang around, kid. Maybe you'll learn something," replied Fazio, a 49-year-old grandfather who, like Kosof, makes almost a fetish of keeping in excellent physical condition. Only 5 feet 6 inches tall, he has weighed a brawny 140 pounds for the past quarter century.

Amid a squad of thumb-sore, weary-armed and bleary-eyed bowlers, the little man with the big heart danced, hollered—and knocked down pins. Apparently stronger than ever, Buzz kicked higher and shouted louder than before. The 38th game pulled him even, and the next one put him ahead. His average for the final eight games was an incredible 221 plus, giving him 8,525 for the Classic. His margin over Welu was just 52 pins, or less than three strikes. The victory netted him first prize of $2,000, another $1,000 for establishing a record and $400 for game and series awards.

"There is a *real* champion," cried the effervescent Kosof. "The Maxie Kosof Endurance Classic is the only tournament in which a bowler must display stamina and courage as well as skill to win. The winner of this tournament should be recognized as champion all over the country."

If it is not the championship event that Max and his supporters claim, neither is it the failure that sneerers have labeled it. Its prestige has grown and should continue to rise. Perhaps it will become to bowling not what the Open is to golf or the Wimbledon to tennis, but what the English Channel is to swimming. The Classic is here to stay, at any rate, and the sport will be none the worse for it. END

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Would you rather look at sports on television or engage in them?*



BOBBY WAGNER
Ex-pro ball star of New York's orange

An exciting game, with the cheers and the jeers, is a lot of fun. Seeing the action firsthand, figuring out what the players will do and watching them put everything they have into the game is more fun at the park than on TV. But it's more exciting playing with my friends when we all get together.



JANIE McGIVNEY
Newport, R.I.
Age 12

I'd rather ride horses and be around the barns. In six years, I've won 15 ribbons. I understand horses better than kids. I'd love to get a job in a barn helping to train horses. If some famous horsewoman like Eleanora Sears would give me a job in her barns, I'd never let her down.



PETER BARNES
Hastings-on-the-Hudson, N.Y.
Age 13

That depends on the sport and who is playing. I get a greater bang watching the Boston Red Sox beat the Yankees than playing baseball myself. Ted Williams is great to watch. But other than that, I would rather play with my friends than go to a ball park or watch sports on TV.



BILLY BLAINE
Palm Beach, Fla.
Age 12

I like sports, especially swimming and baseball. But to tell the truth, I like watching things on television best of all, especially the Boston Red Sox and Ted Williams and astronomy because that is the subject that interests me most. Some day I hope to be an astronomer, maybe fly to the moon.



GEORGE H. McCRACKEN JR.
Williams College
Age 21

"Football knees" relegated me to the spectator class. Watching sports is wonderful, but it's still just a way of getting your fun secondhand. The competition, the matching of mind and muscle against an opponent, gave me the greatest amount of fun, thrills and stimulation.



HELEN FRENCH
Newburyport, Mass.
Age 15

Mister, I'm a pretty husky girl. I like to play softball and basketball. Softball is my real game, and I play it every chance I get. I'm good, too. I wouldn't watch a game if there was a chance for me to play. Ike won't have to worry about the physical condition of the youth if all girls are like me.



JIM KRIDEL JR.
Fort Lee, N.J.
Age 10

I would much rather play football because I like action and lots of it, and I especially like football because it's competitive and takes a lot of skill and also it's lots of fun. I'm an end. But I would rather watch a baseball game because they won't let me play on the team.



ARTHUR MOHR
Montclair, N.J.
Age 16

Playing team sports like football and baseball. Sure, I like to watch television, but I feel better after playing than I do when I spend an afternoon on a sofa watching a game on TV. Like most fans, I do look for a football game on TV but not if there is a neighborhood game and good weather.



JIMMY DWYER
Palm Beach, Fla.
Age 11

I'd rather play. Sure, I'd go if my Dad offered to take me to the Orange Bowl and I had to give up playing ball with my team. Wouldn't you? Any kid would jump at that. I've played on three Little League teams, and this is my fourth season. Ike doesn't have to worry about me.



MILES O. BIDWELL
Wayzata, Minn.
Age 17

At the St. James Prep School, St. James, Md., sports are compulsory on every afternoon for every student. Then after the school year, I spend most of my time in sports-car activities, boating and fishing. But it isn't all play. I'm seriously interested in photography, and it helps to pay for my car.

Look for Acrilan® advertisement inside front cover

SEE McGREGOR JERSEY SPORTS SHIRTS OF 100% ACRILAN® HERE

Alexandria Va
Amarillo Tex
Arlington Va
Ashland Ky
Atlanta Ga
Atlanta Ga
Augusta Ga
Baltimore Md
Bayshore N Y
Bayshore N Y
Bethel Conn
Birmingham Ala
Biloxi Miss
Bridgeport Conn
Buffalo N Y
Canton Ohio
Cedarhurst N Y
Charlotte N C
Cincinnati Ohio
Columbia Mo
Columbia S C
Columbus Ga
Cumberland Md
Cuyahoga Falls Ohio
Decatur Ala
Decatur Ga
Detroit Mich
Euclid Ohio
Falmouth Mass
Fargo N D
Farmingdale N Y
Fayetteville N C
Flushing N Y
Framingham Mass
Glendale Ariz
Greenport N Y
Greensboro N C
Harlingen Texas
Hempstead N Y
Huron S D
Jacksonville Fla
Jamaica N Y
Kansas City Mo
Lakewood Ohio
Lawrence, Mass
Levittown Pa
Little Rock Ark
Lorain Ohio
Lowell Mass
Malone N Y
Manhasset N Y
Marshall Minn
Medford Mass
Memphis Tenn
Memphis Tenn
Minneapolis Minn
Southdale & Rochester
Moline Ill
Montgomery Ala
Morgantown W Va
Newburyport Mass
New Haven Conn
New Orleans La
New Milford Conn
Norwich Conn
N Y C
Oberlin Ohio
Omaha Neb
Orlando Fla
Pensacola Fla
Pensacola Fla
Plattsburgh N Y
Providence R I
Rochester N Y
Rock Hill S C
Rockport Ga
St Augustine Fla
St Louis Mo
St Peter Minn
Salina Kan
Savannah Ga
Scranton Pa
Sumter S C
Terre Haute Ind
Terre Haute Ind
Tituville Fla
Tupper Lake N Y
Washington D C
Waterbury Conn
Whitestone N Y
Willoughby Ohio
Winston Salem N C
Woburn Mass
Youngstown Ohio
Youngstown Ohio

Also available in other fine stores throughout the country.

FRONT ROW—*Terrasport*, convertible knit, (Left), longtail color combinations in black & red trim (shown), white & grey trim, light blue & navy trim, tan & brown trim. Sizes S-M-L-XL about **$7.95**.

Acrisport, knit, (Middle), longtail red set (shown) with 3 variations of collar trim plus body colors as for Acrisport. S-M-L-XL about **$7.95**.

Pinehurst—Right, in grey heather, tan heather, light blue, white, red, bankers' grey with rear trim. S-M-L-XL short sleeve **$8.95**. Long sleeve **$10.00**. Cardigan sleeve **$10.95**.

BACK ROW—*Terrastripe* knit. Left, horizontal stripe combinations of blue, grey, red & brown. S-M-L-XL about **$8.95**.

Acridarby—knit, (Middle), vertical stripe in grey & red, brown & blue, bankers' & oxford grey. S-M-L about **$8.95**.

Acrisport knit, (Right), longtail grey-brown-black stripe. S-M-L about **$8.95**.

*Acrylic fiber by Chemstrand

McGREGOR

McGregor-Doniger
303 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

19th HOLE — THE READERS TAKE OVER

AIR RACE: SECOND WIND

Sirs:

We read *Layout for the Old Bunker*, SI, Aug. 12, with great interest, for it contained some very obvious truths and some rather common misconceptions.

True, the military has run away with the air race as far as pure speed is concerned, and the necessarily scientific atmosphere surrounding this accomplishment is not the sort of thing to inspire young boys to hero worship, but there is more to air racing than unknown service pilots flying all alike airplanes at cosmic-ray altitudes from Point A to Point B.

In COMING EVENTS you list: Saturday, August 10, Midget Airplane Races, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. *This* is air racing in the old tradition: airplanes custom-built by the men who fly them, pilots who race for the sport and the love of flying, races entirely in view of the grandstand with airplanes flying 200 mph-plus, less than 75 feet off the ground.

Now the once hopeless invalid is showing signs of approaching complete recovery: the biggest races in years will be held Labor Day weekend at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and plans are now under way for the return of the Cleveland National Air Races.

DON BERLINER
JOHN C. DURAND

Columbus, Ohio

BEGINNING BUTTERFLIES

Sirs:

Here in Florida I see daily many interesting and beautiful butterflies. *Beauty on the Wing*, SI, Aug. 12, Could you recommend books on butterfly hunting?

POLLY ROBERTSON

Miami Beach

● Two books will be especially helpful to the would-be lepidopterist. They are: *The Butterfly Book* by William J. Holland (Garden City: Doubleday, $12.50) and *A Field Guide to Butterflies of North America* by Alexander Barrett Klots (New York: Houghton Mifflin, $3.75).—ED.

FITNESS (CONT.): GOOD WILL

Sirs:

I recently used *U.S. Fitness: 1957* (SI, Aug. 5) extensively for lecture material in a class of elementary physical education for in-service teachers, and I found that many of our teachers in the elementary schools, while they were ignorant of many of the facts concerning physical fitness, were extremely interested in doing a better job of teaching physical education.

We are going to use Bonnie Prudden's article, *How to Get More out of Life*, in our regular physical education classes.

FRED M. BEILE
Acting Chairman
Dept. of Health and Physical Education
University of Kansas City
Kansas City, Mo.

FITNESS (CONT.): CHALLENGE AND RESPONSE

Sirs:

I consider *A Measure of Fitness* so informative and challenging that I would like to use it for study purposes with our city-wide Physical Education Committee composed of teachers in our public schools.

ALEXANDER GEORGIADY
Director of Instruction
Manitowoc Public Schools
Manitowoc, Wis.

FITNESS (CONT.): SEX APPEAL

Sirs:

I am planning a District Federated Club Women's rally here for some 70 women's clubs from 14 counties. I want to use your articles for this meeting.

MRS. PAUL G. KIEF

Minneapolis

FITNESS (CONT.): PLANS AND IDEAS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article on U.S. physical fitness.

I met recently with Billy Talbert (Captain, U.S. Davis Cup team) and the Rev. Bob Richards to formulate plans and ideas for the Junior Chamber of Commerce's national tennis and track and field program. U.S. Physical Fitness Director Shane MacCarthy heartily endorses our idea, and all concerned believe as I do that "sports encourage mental and physical perfection, and a nation based on this theory will be a strong, unified nation."

PARRY O'BRIEN

Venice, Calif.

SHOOTING: SMALL DANGER

Sirs:

A hearty slap on the back and sincere thanks from the nation's small but enthusiastic corps of handgunners for your tremendously interesting and accurate article on the National Pistol Matches. *Ready on the Firing Line*, SI, Aug. 12).

Of interest to your readers might be the fact that one of the veteran shots who has cracked the 2,600 barrier is a woman, Mrs. Gertrude Backstrom, of Hoquiam, Wash.,



MRS. GERTRUDE BACKSTROM

who piled up a 2,613 aggregate at the Northwest Pistol regional to become the newest member of the most exclusive club in the handgun world.

You might also have mentioned Bill McMillan, USMC, who has broken the national three-gun record three times in the

past four months. His best effort to date—2,652/2,700.

Regarding the international matches, I doubt if there is any danger of civilians taking the ball from our servicemen champions. With the state legislatures and the United States Congress passing more and more restrictive legislation each day, the civilian shooter is slowly being squeezed out of the pistol shooting game by laws which only the law-abiding obey and which are ignored by those whom the laws are passed to restrict. For this reason, civilian shooters, who for the most part are not able to leave their jobs to compete in international matches, thank God for our servicemen who have done their best to uphold the honor of our country on the firing line.

ROY C. SMALL

Harrisburg, Ill.

AMATEURS: WHO IS? WHO ISN'T?

Sirs:

I'm sick to my stomach over the AAU and the men who are bull-headed enough to permit technicalities to destroy American athletes. Herb Flamm is allowed by the USLTA to appear on a quiz show—Lee Calhoun can't get married on TV without relinquishing his amateur status. The old men who decide who is and who isn't an amateur are the most confused people in the sports world today.

HOWIE SCHWARTZ

Brooklyn

GOLF: SHORT, SHORTER, SHORTEST?

Sirs:

I had the pleasure last summer of playing on a hole shorter yet than Mr. Lowell Thomas' No. 3 (*Flags in the Front Yard*, SI, Aug. 12): the 4th at Peninsula State Park in Door County, Wisconsin. This hole is 71 yards long, a figure which is misleading, since the tee, situated on the edge of a cliff, is 70 feet higher than the green.

RODNEY BURTON

Geneva, Ill.

Sirs:

Although I have always considered Bermuda "out of this world," I feel it does hold claim to the shortest hole in the world: the 72-yard 3rd hole at Castle Harbor.

SHIRLEY J. CHILSON

Andover, Mass.

Sirs:

Our No. 4 hole at the University of Wisconsin's golf course is shorter than Mr. Lowell Thomas'. The 4th hole there is 52 yards.

KENNETH M. GORSHKOW

Seattle

THE POET'S LOT IS NOT AN EASY ONE

Sirs:

Heartiest congratulations on your discernment in selecting *In Summer's Amber* by Gilbert Rogin (E & D, Aug. 12), an altogether charming and admirable bit of verse. I hope there may be many more equally excellent, now that the drought is broken.

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

Ellsworth, Maine

Sirs:

I like those funny little verses you have been printing much better than the sort of things appearing in the August 12 issue under the title *In Summer's Amber*.

C. A. BISS

Joliet, Ill.



Refined from 100% Bradford Pennsylvania Crude Oil — world's richest — by special Kendall processes and an exclusive additive formula.

STOPS VALVE LIFTER STICKING, TOO

Kendall quality means economy for you. Specially formulated to provide full protection and superior lubrication for the engine in your car. Kendall, the 2000 Mile Oil has been performance-proven by millions of motorists. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's now.

BY THE REFINER OF KENDALL SUPERB MOTOR OIL
KENDALL REFINING COMPANY • BRADFORD, PENNA.

You'll never know how good you are until you play a



Maxfli

BY Dunlop

*Sold Only Through Pro Shops
DUNLOP SPORTING GOODS DIVISION
500 5th Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

PAT ON THE BACK



Gene Daniels

MARY HUBERT

This 24-year-old mermaid from Los Angeles who likes to swim under water came up with the largest single fish—a 2-pound one-ounce opal eye perch—in a recent meet for the Pacific Coast Skin Diving Championships held under the auspices of the AAU at Laguna Beach, Calif. Nicer than the fish, to have and to hold on dry land, was this handsome trophy which Mary won for the feat. Competing in the event were teams composed of two girls each from various sections of the West Coast. They were permitted any type of equipment except artificial breathing devices. Since water conditions were very bad during the three hours of the spearfishing contest, with visibility limited to a murky six feet, the young fisherwomen faced a severe challenge. Mary swam in the event as a representative of the Pescadorettes Skin Diving Club. Her aquatic talents are displayed at other times as a member of the synchronized swimming team of the Hollywood Athletic Club. And her pretty face and form are gracious assets to her during business hours behind the TWA ticket counter in Hollywood.



For your leisure pleasure

Q: When is a sport coat really a sport coat?

A: When its sporty spirit is definitely defined by good taste. When it doesn't go overboard with bold patterns and wild weaves. When its fabric, color, cut and comfort give you a feeling of well-being at being well-dressed. In short, when it's a sport coat of thoroughbred quality by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

Q: What about prices?

A: Most reasonable...just a trifle more for so much more...the correctness you always get in HS&M sport coats. They're naturals with HS&M slacks, of course. And vice versa!

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Never again need a color picture escape you at sunset!



TAKEN ON SUPER ANSCOCHROME COLOR FILM AT 1/125 SECOND, f/4.5

NEW Super Anscochrome IS THAT FAST!

FILM SPEED 100...

so now if the light is right for black-and-white, it's right for color, too!

You know how it has been. You're on a trip, and a once-in-a-lifetime picture presents itself. But it's too early in the day, or too late, or it's raining. And a truly great color shot gets away!

No more! When you use new Super Anscochrome color film, the picture is yours in what yesterday would have been impossibly low light. Yes, even in the rain! Super Anscochrome color quality, we hasten to add, is the finest since color photography was invented. It is, as you would expect, premium-priced. 35mm and 120 sizes; daylight type.

Important! If yours is a snapshot camera, Super Anscochrome (Exposure Index 100) is too fast. For equally superb color, use *regular* Anscochrome (E.I. 32). 35mm, 120, 127, 620, 828, 16mm and sheet sizes. Indoor and outdoor types. Ansco, A Division of General Aniline & Film Corp., Binghamton, New York.





You've never seen a color print like the new Printon prints. Next time you order prints from any transparency—ask for new Printon prints.

Another contribution to better picture-taking from Ansco . . . the House of Photographic Firsts